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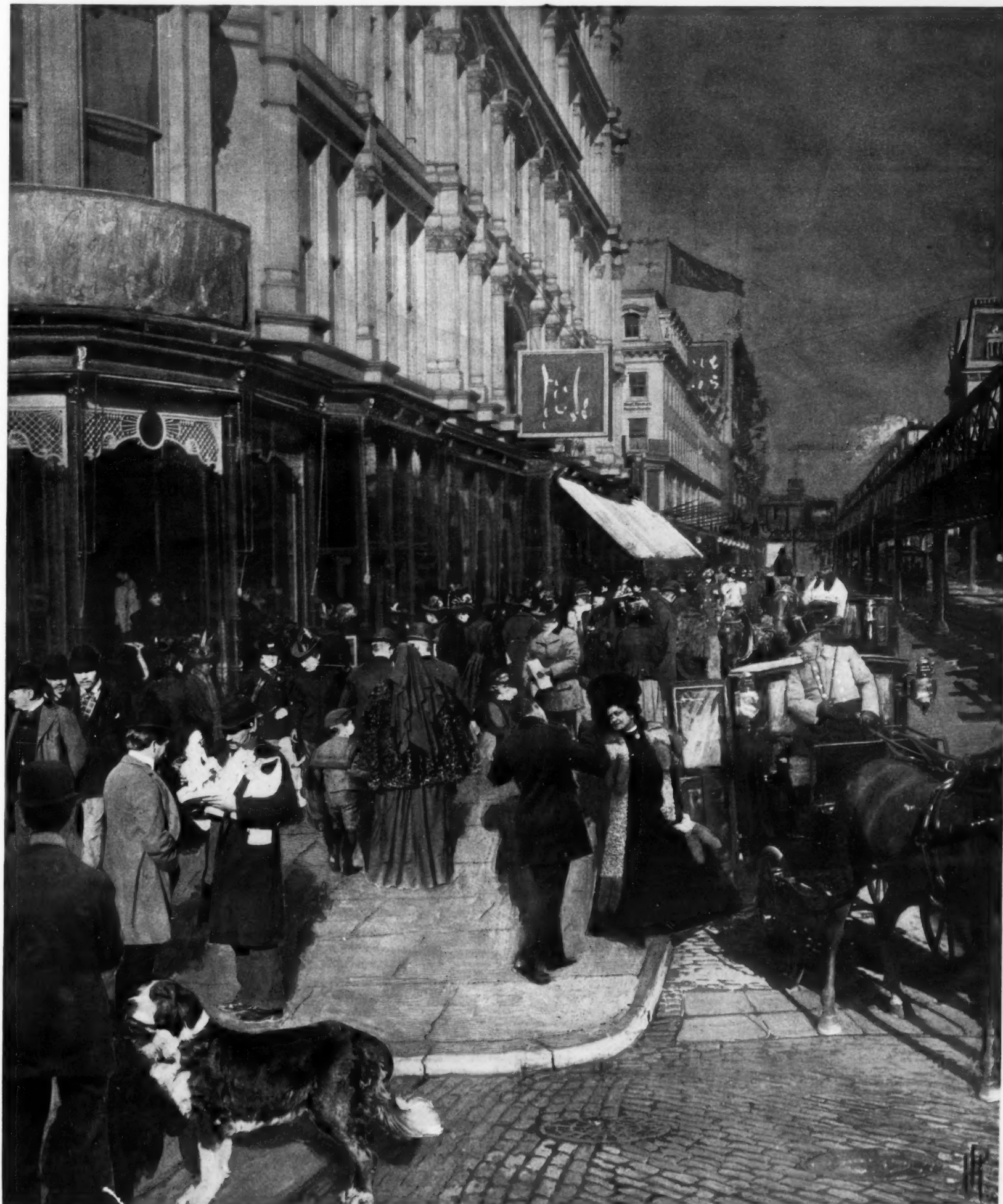
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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JUST BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS—SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON SIXTH AVENUE,
IN THE HEART OF THE WEST-SIDE SHOPPING DISTRICT, NEW YORK CITY.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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A Chance for Commercial Travelers.

No experiences in every-day life are more interesting than those of the commercial traveler. The "drummer," as he is sometimes called, is the best of story-tellers, and his most interesting narratives concern his own varied experiences. *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* would like to print some of the most interesting personal reminiscences of the American commercial traveler, and to that end it offers a prize of fifty dollars for the best story, sketch, experience, or reminiscence from one hundred to five hundred words long, and one hundred dollars for the best story from five hundred to two thousand words long. The stories submitted must relate to actual experiences. *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* is to have the privilege of using all the articles submitted in the competition without any other than the prize payment, unless stamps are inclosed for the return of manuscripts. The competition is limited to a period extending to the 1st of May next, and the award of the prizes will be made by the literary editor of this paper. Communications should simply be addressed to the Editor, *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Let Us Have Peace.

IF the Spanish minister at Washington, Señor de Lome, is correct in his interpretation of the plan of autonomy that Spain is about to apply to Cuba, the war-clouds which have been hovering over the Cuban horizon will shortly disappear. Señor de Lome says that the new plan provides for every essential feature which the autonomists' party in Cuba has asked for during the last twenty years.

Cuba under the new scheme is to bear a relation to Spain very much like that which Canada bears to the mother country. The government of Cuba, as far as its law-making power is concerned, will be trusted to a parliament consisting of two houses. One-half of the upper house will be elective, and the other half will be appointed by the Spanish crown. All of the upper house in Canada is appointed by the crown. Canada also requires a property qualification from members of the lower house, but no such qualification is provided for in the new plan for Cuban autonomy. Cuba is to be given the management of her internal affairs, and her parliament can fix its own tariff, except that a preferential duty must be conceded to Spain, but this duty shall not exceed thirty-five per cent. The Governor-General of the island has limited veto powers, and the payment of the Cuban debt is to be arranged on a basis satisfactory to Spain and Cuba.

So far the proposed plan of autonomy is apparently fair and liberal. The Cuban insurrection was due largely to economic reasons, based mainly on the oppressive taxes levied by the mother country. Under the new constitution it appears that the regulation of taxes is to be left to the Cuban congress. If subsequent developments prove this to be really the case the plan deserves a fair trial, and we are not surprised that some of the most prominent autonomists in Cuba heartily favor the new proposition. It is too much to expect that it will be accepted without objection, but it is only fair that the objectors should point out the alleged defects and suggest the remedies therefor.

The scheme of Cuban reform, it is said, will be carried out at once, by the organization of a provisional government which will hold power until the new elections in Cuba have been held. It has been intimated that the sudden liberality of the Spanish government in meeting the wishes of the autonomists is a subterfuge, and that an attempt will be made to delay the proposed election. Time will disclose whether the offer of the home government is fairly and squarely made. Meanwhile it behooves the advocates of a jingo policy at Washington to refrain from adding to the bitterness of the situation. War between the United States and Spain, or any other country, would be a deplorable calamity. Our business interests would suffer a sudden and severe shock, no matter what the final outcome of the contest might be. The value of the territory we might acquire and the payment of a war indemnity, however large, would not be adequate compensation for the ruin and misery wrought by war.

If Spain can meet the requirements of the situation in a broad and liberal spirit it should be encouraged in the attempt. The mission of the American nation is one of peace, and every good citizen will hope for a speedy and happy solution of the deplorable situation in Cuba.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Conscience at the Bar.

IT is a serious question of casuistry whether a lawyer with a reputation worth anything should, for money, undertake to defend a self-confessed murderer. The sensational newspapers of New York for many weeks have been filled with the nauseous details of the trial of a man and a woman for a most atrocious crime. The testimony, with all its sickening details, was spread in full before the public. The guilt of the murderer was evident from the time the trial began, but a persistent effort was made to prove his innocence—to set him free to prey upon the community.

Is a reputable lawyer justified in defending a murderer whose guilt is clear, and who from every standpoint must be considered an enemy of law and order and a menace to society? Suppose that through some technicality a villain escapes the consequences of his crime? Suppose that his criminal instincts lead him into the commission of other bloody crimes against innocent men and women? Upon whom should the responsibility be placed? Can the crafty lawyer who has opened the door of escape be free from blame?

Of course the law holds every man innocent until his guilt is proved, and it provides a trial by jury for the worst criminal. But we do not refer to criminals of whose guilt there is the slightest doubt. We refer to those whose guilt is either self-confessed or self-evident. For such there should be no hope of escape, no thought of pardon. Well-merited punishment should be promptly inflicted through the instrumentality of the law—which is the court. The professional man who would raise barriers to the infliction of punishment obviously puts mercenary considerations above those which ordinarily control the workings of an enlightened mind.

Public Robbery Legalized.

BY a decision of the courts the lease of the Philadelphia Gas Works to a private concern on a basis which virtually turns over a plant worth thirty million dollars for a very insignificant consideration has been made effective. The United Gas Improvement Company has secured this lease, although responsible parties offered to give to the city of Philadelphia precisely what this company gave and one million dollars additional in cold cash. The city councils which disregarded this offer of a million dollars bonus and voted the lease to the United Gas Improvement Company are under grave suspicion as to the impelling motives of such unseemly and extraordinary conduct. Indignant citizens took the matter into court, but Judge Arnold, of the Court of Common Pleas, refused to grant an injunction, and held "that the offers of other persons to pay a larger premium for the lease was a matter for the city councils, and not for the court, to consider."

The intricacies of the law surpass human comprehension. We do not say that the court was not legally justified in handing down such an opinion, but to the lay mind the mere fact that an offer of one million dollars bonus was refused when the offer without the bonus was accepted, would lead to the conclusion that there was something clearly improper, if not illegal, in the action of the city councils.

No other municipal scandal since the history of this country can compare with this in its unquestioned infamy, and if the people of Philadelphia are worthy of the reputation they bear they will rise in their might and prosecute every person, regardless of his social standing, who is shown to be implicated in the plundering job. Let no guilty man escape!

A Mess of Incongruities.

EVIDENCES multiply that the time of the incoming Legislature of this State will be largely occupied with efforts to whip the charter of the greater New York into cohesive shape.

When the voluminous instrument was hastily drawn and presented to the Legislature, the Bar Association of New York, after a careful examination of its provisions, declared that it was "not a charter in any proper sense, but simply an imperfect compilation, and, to some extent, a condensation of the laws affecting the territory of the proposed greater city." The association expressed the belief that if it became a law the outcome would be deplorable, because of the haste and unbusiness-like manner in which its provisions had been drawn.

The new charter is full of the most stupid and inexplicable errors. It is a mess of contradictions and incongruities. Questions have arisen affecting the titles of judges, coroners, and other public officials. More serious questions have arisen in reference to the disposition of the revenues of the boroughs constituting the city, and of the power of the "Greater New York" to continue to borrow money. It is perfectly plain that the charter was so hastily drawn as to make it a most imperfect and unavailable instrument. Endless litigation will be the result of the existing situation, and deplorable conditions confront us at the opening of the new year.

It is unfortunate, in view of all the facts, that the charter of the "Greater New York" was ever passed. The Governor would almost have been justified, when the real situation was disclosed, as it was soon after the recent election, in summoning the Legislature in special session, to perfect the charter before it took effect on the 1st of January. It is possible, and even probable, that the Legislature, appalled by the magnitude of the task, would have repealed the entire instrument; or, at

least, have submitted the question of its acceptance to the people of the interested boroughs.

"The Greater New York" sounds well, but it would be much greater if it were made better.

The Way to Prevent a Deficit.

THE Secretary of the Treasury estimates that the national deficit for the current fiscal year will be about twenty-five million dollars. The new tariff bill was expected to provide revenues sufficient for the support of the government. It has not had a fair trial as yet, and no one denies that there will be a deficit at the close of the fiscal year—that is, by the 1st of July, 1898. The size of this deficit will depend upon the action of Congress at the present session. The way to prepare for a deficit, and the way to prevent one, is by vigorous, keen, and incisive retrenchment in public expenditure.

If the President will use the veto power unsparingly, and if the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House will stand steadfastly against every unnecessary appropriation, great or small, the expenses of the government can be reduced by almost the amount of the estimated deficit. Nothing would please the country better than to have our finances put upon a business basis. Nothing would be more conducive to the prosperity and happiness of the people; and to accomplish this purpose the President, his Cabinet officers, and Congress should unite in an effort that will lift them above partisanship into the plane of an unselfish and patriotic purpose.

The Plain Truth.

ISN'T it a little surprising that the list of Federal pensioners is constantly increasing when the death-rate would naturally occasion a steady and increasing diminution of the number of pensioners, while the number of Indians on the records of the Interior Department, in spite of the tendency of the human race to multiply, is steadily diminishing? More than thirty years have passed since the close of the war, and yet the pension-roll comprises nearly a million names. Over fifty-four thousand were added to this roll last year, and the number that dropped off was only about forty-one thousand. We are not believers in the outcry against liberal pensions. We think every brave man who fought for the preservation of the country's peace and prosperity deserves to be remembered. We quote the figures we have given simply because they lead to an interesting train of speculation.

An interesting chapter will be written some day—and perhaps we shall write it ourselves—on the waste of public moneys in naval experiments. It has been told by one who knows Washington society very well that a prominent ship-builder, who has made millions by government contracts, has held such close relations with certain influential newspaper men, naval officers, and the wives of the latter—not to mention public officials higher up—that it has been no difficult matter for him to secure the most profitable government contracts. The magnificent entertainments he gave to certain persons in Washington who could be helpful, the costly presents he sent to certain ladies who had influence in official circles, the favors he showered on every hand, were talked of pretty freely at one time. The publication of the whole story would furnish a page of decidedly interesting matter for some other besides the yellow journals.

The hope of the passage of a libel-reform law in the State of New York this winter disappears with the announcement that more than a third of the new Assembly, or lower house of the Legislature, is made up of lawyers. The legal profession now dominates the upper branch of our Legislature, and it is safe to predict, as long as the lawyers control legislation, that the libel-reform movement will have little chance of success. One senator has not hesitated publicly to say that as long as he is a member of the Senate the newspapers will not pass a libel-reform measure. Other senators have put themselves on record in similar statements. In Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and other commonwealths, under the pressure of a demand for fair play by the newspapers, libel-reform laws have been passed; but until the newspaper men of New York send a few of their own profession to represent them in the Legislature, we doubt if they will obtain the recognition that the merits of their case manifestly deserve.

There is said to be much anxiety at the executive department in Washington over the allegation that the newly-appointed United States District Attorney for West Virginia is charged with having been delinquent in his accounts as a commissioner of school land—in other words, with having been a defaulter. This appointment was made, it is said, at the persistent request of Senator Elkins, and despite the protest of many prominent persons in West Virginia. President McKinley has not escaped the same embarrassment that has confronted all of his predecessors, who have, like him, made appointments to satisfy Senatorial claims, only to discover that they have provoked, and often deserved, a public protest. Perhaps the worst appointment that the present administration has made, and one of the worst charged against any administration of either party that the country has had in recent years, is that of the negro Demas to be naval officer of the port of New Orleans. Specific charges of the most serious nature were made against Demas by prominent ladies and gentlemen of New Orleans, including many prominent Republicans. We have looked in vain for a refutation, or an explanation of these charges, or for some explanation of the reason why such an odious appointment was made in the face of objections that could not fairly be over-ruled. The only excuse offered was that Senator Hanna had promised the appointment, and that he insisted upon it. We scarcely believe that any self-respecting Senator would insist on the appointment of a disreputable person to a most responsible public office; and it surpasses belief that President McKinley would set aside his own scruples in such a matter at the demand or command of any living man. The Senatorial prerogative is a great thing in Washington, but the prerogative of the people at the polls is a greater.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—FOR nearly twenty-five years the capitol at Albany has been in process of erection, and, thanks to Governor Black, we



HON. GEORGE W. ALDRIDGE.

are promised the completion of this magnificent and costly structure before next fall. The Superintendent of Public Works, Hon. George W. Aldridge, who has the work in charge, has been pushing the contractors with such energy that the latter undertook to keep a few men at work on Sundays, in violation of the statute. The matter was called to the attention of Mr. Aldridge, and he put a stop to the abuse without a moment's hesitation.

The Albany Ministerial Association was so pleased with his action that it promptly adopted a resolution of thanks, coupled with the pledge of its hearty co-operation with him in his recognition of the Sabbath as a day of rest. It is a pleasure to find a leading State officer so responsive to the Christian sentiment of a community.

—The sensation of the English turf is Tod Sloan, the American jockey. Sloan's method of riding is peculiar. He leans far forward upon his horse's neck, for the purpose, he says, of lessening the obstruction to the animal's progress while speeding against the wind. He insists that the lessening of the resistance to the air by the stooping posture he assumes increases the speed of the horse to the extent of half a second in a mile. Expert horsemen claim that while the horses in a race are doing their best their speed is such that they are carried almost off of their feet, and run for a very brief interval almost upon their



TOD SLOAN.

toes; and that no horse can keep up this sprinting pace for more than an eighth of a mile. Sloan's wonderful judgment leads him to put on this spurt just at the critical juncture when it is required to win a race. When he rode for the first time on the English course he was laughed at, as was also his American system of riding. He persisted in carrying out his theory, and by the display of remarkable abilities as a rider, and also of superb judgment as a jockey, he surprised everybody and won several notable victories with horses that had not been favorites; and in one instance with a horse that had not won in any other race, and from which little was expected.

—The most important legal case on record—from a bicycle standpoint—has just been decided in Atlantic, Iowa, in favor of the plaintiff, who is Miss



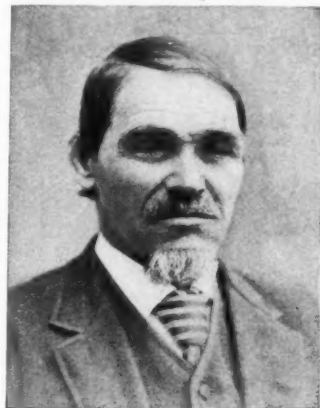
MISS BLANCHE KRAEMER.

Blanche Kraemer. The defendant is Ray Stowe, and both parties in the suit are well known in Atlantic society. Some time ago a theatrical company offered an elegantly mounted wheel as a prize to the drawer of a certain number. Miss Kraemer drew the lucky number. A few days later Mr. Stowe called upon her and borrowed the bicycle. He did not return it, and when the plaintiff informed him that she would like to have it back for use, he said: "The wheel is mine. It was I gave you the ticket that drew the prize, and that being so, I'm going to keep it." Miss Kraemer entered suit, an array of the best legal talent was engaged on both sides, but after argument that lasted two days the jury decided in favor of Miss Kraemer.

—A disappointed speculator from St. Paul, is said recently to have threatened the life of Philip D. Armour, the Chicago pork and wheat magnate. Why any one should want to kill "Phil" Armour surpasses comprehension. Of all the gentle, kindly disposed, great-hearted, generous men that this country has pro-

duced, he stands clearly at the head. The writer remembers well a visit to the Armour bee-hive of offices in Chicago. A motley crowd of women and men, in all stages of distress, was gathered about the door. Each person was received courteously by an attendant who heard the story of distress that was poured into his ear in a rushing stream. When Mr. Armour was asked what this all meant, he replied that his directions to his door-keepers were to listen to every request for aid that came to the office; and it was the understanding that, if upon investigation the claimant was worthy, he or she was always to have the necessary relief. Mr. Armour not only has a corps of men and women looking after cases of real distress, but he also supports with lavish bounty a kindergarten, a church, and a great training school for young men and women who seek advancement in the higher arts. The wonder of it all is that one hears so little about the noble benefactions of this famous but modest Chicago millionaire.

—During the recent centennial celebration of the launching of the famous old ship *Constitution*, in Boston harbor, there



JOHN CHANY.

came a venerable man from Virginia, who claimed he had been a powder-boy on Old Ironsides at some of her fiercest battles. He was the hero of the week. While city and State vied with each other in doing honor to this venerable personage, there was enacted in the little town of Brewer, Maine, another, but more simple, scene. John Chany had decorated his little farm-house in gay bunting. A picture of the old ship hung over the front door, appropriately draped in the national colors. He contented himself in telling his experiences as a member of the *Constitution's* crew to a few neighbors who called to see him. His banquet was the frugal meal of a poor Maine farmer. The Virginian proved to be a fraud, while the real hero, John Chany, unhonored, unknown, neglected, was left alone in his glory. Mr. Chany is nearly ninety years old, and bids fair to live to celebrate many more birthdays and anniversaries.

—Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, wife of Amherst's professor of astronomy, will publish in a few months the story of her experiences as the only woman member of the famous Amherst expedition that went to Japan a year ago to observe the eclipse of the sun. The book will give a valuable study of the Ainu, a peculiar tribe in upper Japan little known to science, and in whose territory in Yezo the foot of no foreign woman has ever before trodden. Mrs. Todd has been, since her return, lecturing on what she saw while in the Orient. She is already known to literature through a little volume of sonnets and through her edition of Emily Dickenson's poems. Mrs. Todd was a valuable adjunct to the party. She has literally grown up in an astronomical atmosphere, her father having been the late Professor Loomis, of Washington.

—There are some long-lived twins in the country, and more than one pair have lately claimed to be the oldest living. This unique distinction, so far as can be definitely and authentically established, belongs to the two venerable ladies whose portraits



MRS. DAVID NOGGLE AND MRS. HIRAM JOHNSON.

are here presented. The claim of the Newell brothers of Missouri to be the oldest pair of twins in the country held good until it was shown that Mrs. H. H. Johnson, recently of Kankakee, Illinois, and now of Omaha, Nebraska, and Mrs. David Noggle, of Janesville, are one month older. These ladies are the twin children—Polly M. and Anna M.—of Benjamin and Eunice Mosher Lewis, and were born at Bristol, New York, May 29th, 1815. They were the youngest of fifteen children. The twins went to Milan, Ohio, when about seventeen, married there, and in 1837 Mrs. Noggle came to the wilds of Wisconsin to live the

life of a pioneer. She and her husband settled at Beloit. Mr. Noggle was the first postmaster of that city. He was a lawyer, and was afterward appointed chief justice of Idaho by President Grant. His health compelled him to return to Wisconsin, where he died in 1878, at the house of his son-in-law, Congressman Charles G. Williams. Mrs. Noggle is a woman of native ability and can tell many interesting tales of early life in Wisconsin. She is the mother of seven children, who, with her, are members of the Episcopal Church. She is an excellent chess and whist player. Mrs. Johnson, later in life, went with her husband to Kankakee, Illinois. She was a leader in Kankakee church work until she went to reside with her daughter, Mrs. John Dale, of Omaha. The sisters are both in full possession of their faculties, and are as active as many gay young widows of sixty-five.

—If a clever, pretty, and genuinely feminine woman is ever to be excused for adopting masculine garb, here is a case in



MADAME DIEULAFOY.

point. When people go to the opera or theatre, or the Salon, in Paris, they sometimes see a small, well-dressed man, with a clean-shaven face and small feet and hands, and they sometimes think what a nice, refined-looking man; but never in the world do they suspect that this same fine-looking man is a woman, and one of the most famous in Paris. Madame Jane Dieulafoy is one of the most celebrated of archaeologists, and has been of great service to the scientific world. She discovered the ruins of the Temple of Darius, which are now in the Louvre in Paris. For this great achievement the French government decorated her with the order of the Legion of Honor, and gave her the right to wear men's attire at all times. She is married, and her husband is most devoted to her. Both employ the same tailor, though we have no precise details as to how they manage about his bills. Their home is one of great luxury and refinement, and the two gather about them the *savants* of France, who are eager to pay homage to so learned and so remarkable a woman. Madame Dieulafoy's nature is not like her taste in dress, for she is entirely feminine in speech and manner, and still retains her womanly gestures and mannerisms, which appear a little odd with her fine tailor coats and trousers. She never wears woman's dress at any time, and her wardrobe is as perfect as the best-dressed of London swells. Her silk hat is the perfection of glossiness, her linen correct and immaculate, and her coats the latest cut. Her hair is short and arranged in a straight "bang" on the forehead, and her skin is fresh and rosy. When in the street with her husband she carries herself exactly like a man, and uses her walking-stick with accomplished ease.

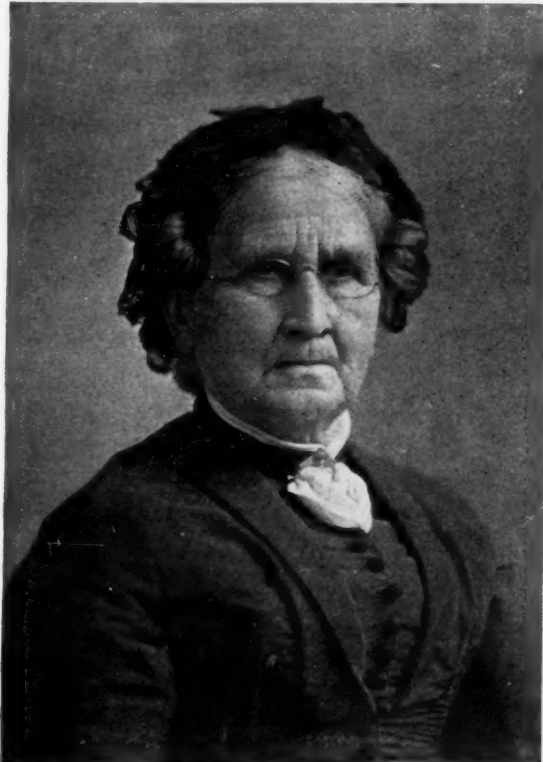
—One of the coming men of the Republican Party in Massachusetts is Colonel B. S. Lovell, of Weymouth, who has just been elected to the Governor's Council by an unparalleled majority. Colonel Lovell has served on the staffs of Governors Long and Greenhalge; was a delegate to the National Republican Conventions of 1880, 1884, 1888 and 1892, and has served several terms in the Legislature, where he was conspicuous for the deep interest he manifested in progressive legislation. Descended from the best New England stock, his early youth was fired with patriotism, and at the outbreak of the Civil War, while but a school-boy, he enlisted with his friends and neighbors, and served most honorably in the Union army. On the death of his father, Mr. Lovell succeeded to the presidency of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, of Boston, an establishment which has made a reputation in every quarter of the globe. We doubt if there is a more popular Republican in his State, and it would not be surprising if the near future found a call for him to fill the most exalted office which the citizens of that magnificent commonwealth can offer.



COLONEL B. S. LOVELL.



BIRTHPLACE OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY, AT NILES, OHIO.



MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, MOTHER OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, MOTHER OF THE PRESIDENT, AT CANTON.

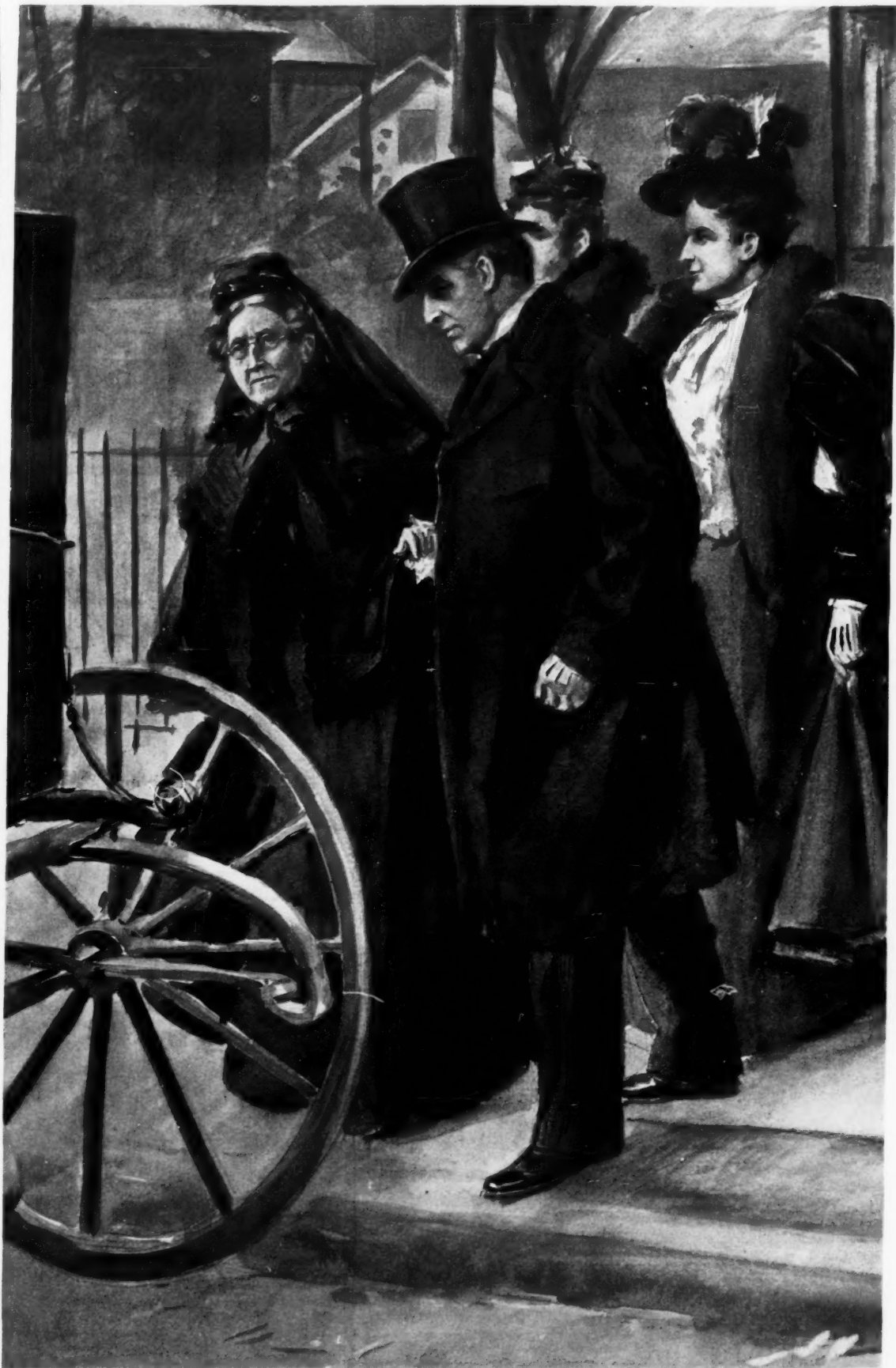
"Mother" McKinley.

THE venerable mother of the President of the United States occupied a warm place of affection and esteem in the hearts of the American people. To them she was "Mother" McKinley, in the most honored and endearing sense of the word. When, at the age of eighty-eight years, she was suddenly stricken down with paralysis, at her home in Canton, Ohio, last week, and the President left Washington on the eve of the meeting of Congress to fly to her bedside, he surely had the sympathy of the whole country in his anxiety and grief. In touching contrast to the scenes of triumphant joy one year ago, the old homestead became a silent house of mourning.

Nancy Campbell Allison McKinley was the daughter of Ab-



ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITOL, ON INAUGURATION DAY (PRESIDENT-ELECT MCKINLEY AND HIS MOTHER IN SECOND GROUP).



PRESIDENTIAL PARTY LEAVING CANTON FOR THE INAUGURATION, LAST MARCH—MR. MCKINLEY, PRESIDENT-ELECT, ESCORTING HIS MOTHER.

ner Allison, who was of English descent, and Ann Allison, *née* Campbell, of Scotch ancestry. Her parents settled in Pennsylvania, but soon moved to Ohio and settled at New Lisbon. James McKinley, grandfather of William, settled with his family of fourteen children at New Lisbon, Columbiana County, when the father of the President was a year and a half old. William McKinley, the elder, here met and married Nancy Campbell Allison. The young couple settled in New Lisbon, where three children were born to them, and they then moved to Niles, Trumbull County, where William McKinley, the future President, was born. He was seventh in a family of nine children.

Nancy Campbell Allison's early life was spent in her father's pioneer household, where doubtless she acquired the strong constitution that has made her old age a marvel of health, vigor, and serenity. She was married to William McKinley the elder in 1829.

The noble simplicity of her life, and the sterling qualities she has given her son for an inheritance, have been as admirable to contemplate as the constant, tender, and chivalrous devotion with which he has repaid her. From boyhood President McKinley has always loved and respected his mother in the same way that has been touchingly apparent to the world since his elevation to the highest honors of politics and the state.

Mother McKinley lived in the White House at Washington from the President's inauguration until the early part of the summer, when she returned to Canton for the repose of the old homestead. She was vivacious and active up to the day when she was stricken with paralysis, and her habits gave no indication of advanced age. Political matters interested her always, and she was to the last the ready confidante and counselor of her son.



Mrs. McKinley. Mrs. McKinley, Sr.
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S WIFE AND MOTHER IN PLACE TO HEAR THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

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MARY MANNERING AS "FAY ZULIANI."

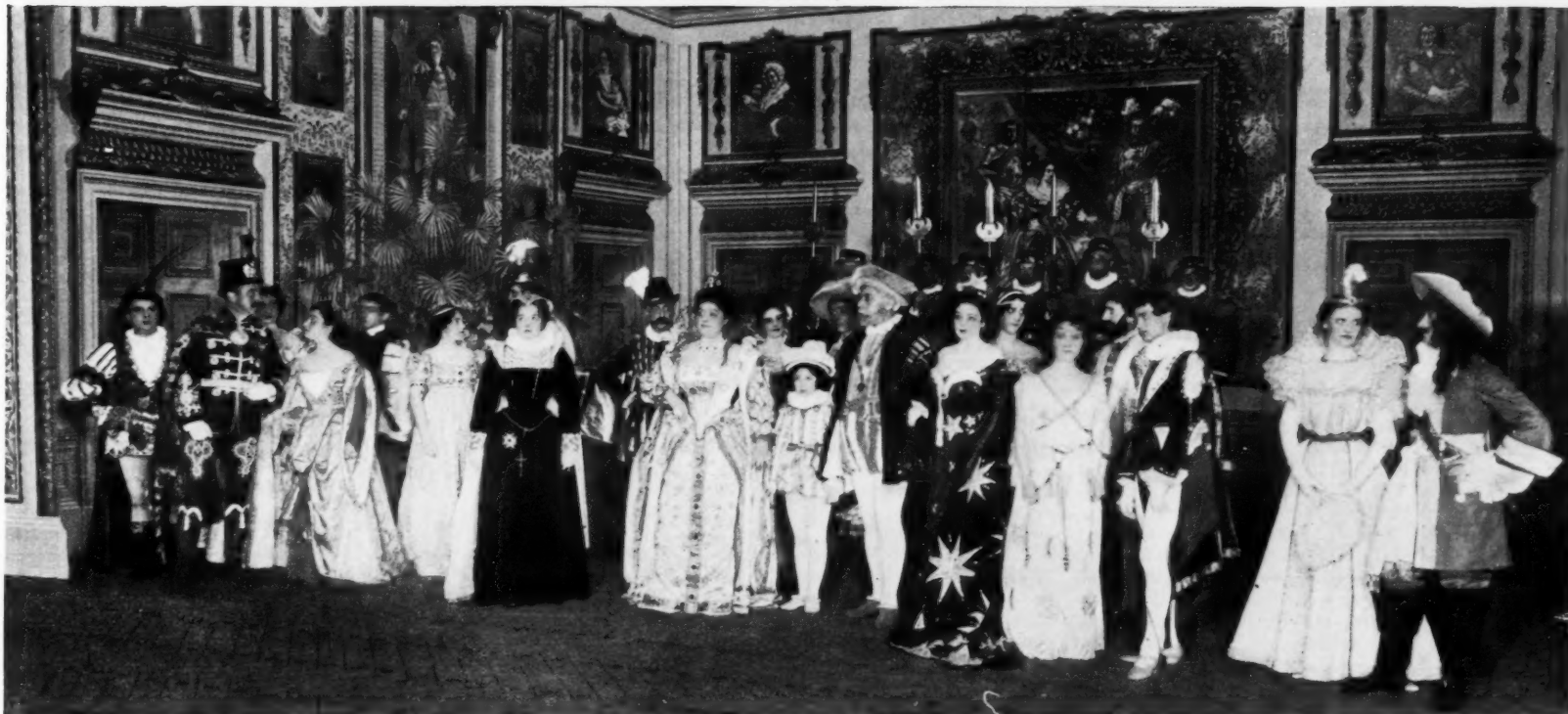


"FAY" AND "SIR GEORGE LAMORANT" (JAMES K. HACKETT), AFTER THE BAL MASQUE.



JULIE OPP AS "THE PRINCESS."
Copyright, 1897, by Falk.

"THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



Amelia Bingham. Rose Coghlan. Madeleine Bouton.
"THE WHITE HEATHER," AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC—THE FANCY-DRESS BALL (ACT V., SCENE 5).
Photograph by Byron.



"Medea."
ALEXANDRA VIARDA, THE POLISH TRAGEDIENNE, AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Copyrighted photographs by Rockwood.



"Marie Stuart."



"THE WHITE HEATHER"—"THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH" (ACT V., SCENE 3).
Photograph by Byron.

Representative Modern Comedy, Tragedy, and Spectacular Drama, at the New York Theatres.

"The Princess and the Butterfly," by Arthur W. Pinero, is a refined modern comedy of unexpected sweetness and charm, dedicated to the proposition that "Those who love deeply never grow old." As presented at the Lyceum Theatre, with a cast of special distinction—including James K. Hackett as *Sir George Lamorant*, Mary Mannering as the impulsive Italian girl, *Fay Zuliani*, and Julie Opp, whose beauty no less than her talent recall Mary Anderson, as the *Princess*—this play will stand as a white mark on the present dramatic season.

Alexandra Viarda, the Polish actress who made her debut at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last week, is a strikingly interesting artistic personality. She has the distinction of appearance and manner, as well as the voice, requisite for "heavy" classic

roles. Her tragic and emotional power is undeniable—perhaps greater than her art in expressing it: for there are awkward moments in her acting when one inclines to believe that the managerial reports of her professional triumphs in European capitals may be over-colored. No matter! her achievement here, in face of the most adverse conditions, has deserved more serious and friendly critical consideration than thus far has been accorded it. In writing of a first-night performance for next morning's paper, a critic has to jump at conclusions, and obviously has no time for careful analysis, even of his own impressions. It might seem but just, in a case like that of Viarda, to give the artist the benefit of the doubt. However, the play selected for her debut—"Alexandra," a clumsy trans-

lation from the German of Richard Voss—was not merely dubious, but beyond all doubt bad. It is a sinister, gloomy, and unwholesome story, tediously told, and unrelieved by the faintest gleam of wit or brightness. Moreover, the actress is handicapped by speaking her part in German, while her supporting company use English, and her leading man, Max Appé, a kind of Prince Karl dialect that is neither the one language nor the other. Until Madame Viarda has been seen in some of the other and better parts that her repertoire includes, dogmatic criticism and judgment may properly be suspended.

Two of the principal stage pictures in the splendid production of "The White Heather," at the Academy of Music, noticed in this department last week, are here reproduced.

THE SHAHBASH WALLAH.

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

"SHAHBASH, *bhaiyan*, shahbash!"

The words, signifying "Bravo, boys, bravo!" came in a despondent drawl from the coolie leaning against the ladder—one of those crazy bamboo ladders, with its rungs tied on with grass twine at varying slants and distances, whereon the Indian house-decorator loves to spend long days in company with a pot of color-wash and a grass brush made from the leavings of the twine.

There were two such ladders in the bare, oblong, lofty room, set round with open doors and windows, and on each was balanced a man, a pot, and a brush—all doing nothing. So was the coolie below.

He was a small, slight man, with a dejected expression. Stark naked, save for two yards or so of coarse muslin wisped about his short hair and a similar length knotted about his middle. What color either had been originally could not be guessed, since both were completely covered with splashes of color-wash—blue, green, yellow, and pink. So was his thin body, which, as he stood immovable at the bottom of the ladder, looked as if it was carved out of some rare scagliola.

For they were doing up the hospital in Fort Lawrence, and Surgeon-Captain Terence O'Brien, of the Tenth Sikh Pioneers—then engaged in making military roads over the Beloochistan frontier—had an eye for color. Not so, however, Surgeon-Major Pringle, who that very morning had marched in with the detachment of young English recruits which had been sent to take possession of the newly enlarged fort. It was a queer mud building, looking as if it were a part of the mud promontory which blocked a sharp turn in the sun-dried, heat-baked mud valley, through which the dry bed of a water-course twisted like the dry skin of a snake. Everything dry, everything mud, baked to hardness by the fierce sun. It was an ugly country in one way, picturesque in another, with its yawning fissures cracking the mud hills into miniature peaks and passes, its almost leafless flowering shrubs, aromatic, honeyful, and its clouds of painted butterflies. A country in which color was lost in sheer excess of sunshine.

That, however, was not the reason why Surgeon-Captain O'Brien had painted his wards to match Joseph's coat. As he explained to Surgeon-Major Pringle, who, as senior officer, took over charge, it was wiser, in his opinion—especially with youngsters about—to call wards by the color of their walls, rather than by the diseases to be treated in them; since if a patient "wance found out what was really wrong with his inside, he was sure to get it instanter."

The surgeon-major, fresh from England and professional precisions—fresh also to India and its appeals to the imagination—had felt it impossible to combat such statements seriously. Besides, there was no use in doing so. The walls were past remedy for that year, and even the *post-mortem* house—that last refuge of all diseases—was being washed bright pink, a color which, according to Terence O'Brien, was "a nice, cheerful tint, that could not give annyone, not even a corpse, the blues."

In the course of which piece of work the small man at the foot of the ladder was becoming more and more like a statue in *rosso antico*, as he repeated: "*Shahbash, bhaiyan, shahbash!*" at regular intervals.

His voice had no resonance, and not an atom of enthusiasm about it; but, like a breeze among rain-soaked trees, it always provoked a pitter-patter of falling drops—a patter of pink splashes like huge tears—upon the concrete floor and the scagliola figure. For the words set the brushes above moving slowly for a while; then the spasm of energy passed, all was still again, until a fresh "Bravo, boys, bravo!" was followed by a fresh shower of pink tears.

"Lazy brutes!" came a boy's voice from the group of young recruits who were enjoying a well-earned rest after having marched in fifteen miles, carrying their kits as if they had been born with them, and settling down into quarters as if they were veterans. For they were smart boys, belonging to a smart regiment, whose recruiting ground lay far from slums and scums; one whose officers were smart also, and kept up the tone of their men by teaching them a superior tolerance for the rest of the world. "Jest look at that feller—like an alley taw. He ain't done a blessed 'and's turn since I began to watch 'im." They were seated on some shady mud steps right over against the hospital compound, and the *post-mortem* house being separate from the wards, and having all its many windows and doors set wide, the inside of it was as plainly visible as the out.

"Rum lot," assented another voice with the same ring of wholesome self-complacency in it. "I arst one of the Sikees, as seems a decent chap for a nigger an' knows a little decent lingo, wot the spotted pig was at with his everlastin' *shabbashes*, an' 'e says it's to put courage to the Johnnies up top. Not that I don't say I shouldn't cotton myself much to them ladders, that's more like caterpillars than a decent pair 'o 'ouse-steps. A poor lot—that's wot they are, as doesn't know the differ in holt between a nail and a bit o' twine."

"Well, mates," said a third voice, "all I can say is that if they ain't got no more courage than *shabbash* can put to them, it's no wonder we lick the bloomin' lot of them—as we does constant."

There was a faint laugh first, and then the group sucked at their pipes decisively as they watched the doings in the *post-mortem*. Though they would have scouted the suggestion, the *shahbash wallah* had justified his calling; for patriotism brings courage with it.

He did not trouble his head about justification, however. Some one, in his experience, always did the shouting, and it suited him better than more active occupation, for he was lame; stiff, too, in his back. Surgeon-Major Pringle, coming in later to find the *post-mortem* very much as it had been hours before, looked at him distastefully, and began a remark about what two English workmen could have done, which Surgeon-Captain Terence O'Brien interrupted with his charming smile:

"Sure, sir, the sun rises a considerable trifle airlier East than West, an' that's enough energy for wan hemisphere. Besides, ye can't get on in India without a *shahbash wallah*. Or elsewhere for that matter. Ye always require 'the something not ourselves which makes for righteousness'—"

"Makes for fiddlesticks!" muttered the senior, under his breath, adding aloud: "Who the dickens is the *shahbash wallah* when he is at home, and what's his work?" He asked the question almost reluctantly, for his junior's extremely varied information had, since the morning, imparted a vague uncertainty to a round world which had hitherto, in Dr. Pringle's estimation of it, been absolutely sure—cocksure!

"What is he? Oh! he's a variety of names. He's objective reality, moral sanction, antecedent experience, unconditioned good. Ye can take yer choice of the lot, sir; an' if ye can't win the thrick with metaphysics—I can't, and that's the thruth—play thrumps. Sentiment!—sympathy! Ye can't go wrong there. Ye can't leave them out of life's equation, East or West. Just some one—a fool, maybe, to say ye're a fine fellow, an' no mistake, at the very moment when ye know ye're not. Biogenesis, sir, is the law of life. As Schopenhauer says, the secret that two is wan, is the—"

His senior gave an exasperated sigh, and preferred changing the subject. So at the appointed time, no sooner, no later, the last patter of pink tears fell from the brushes upon the floor of the *post-mortem* and upon the still figure, which might have been a corpse save for its drowsy applause—"Bravo, boys, bravo!" Then the caterpillar ladders, with the decorators and the pots of color-wash, and the brushes still attached to them, crawled away, and the *shahbash wallah* followed in their wake, his skin bearing mute evidence to the amount of work he had provoked.

Histurban and waistcloth testified to it for days—in lessening variety of tint as the layers of pink, green, blue, and yellow splashes were off—for at least a fortnight, during which time Surgeon-Major Pringle, busy in making all things conform to his ideal, constantly came across the *shahbash wallah* bestowing praise where, in the doctor's opinion, none was deserved. What right, for instance, had the water-carriers filling their pots, the sweepers removing the refuse, to senseless commendation for the performance of their daily round, their common task?

Especially when it was so ill performed; even in the matter of punkah-pulling, a subject on which the native might be credited with some knowledge. Surgeon-Major Pringle seethed with repressed resentment for days over the intermittent pulse of the office punkah, and finally, in a white heat of discomfort and indignation, burst out into the veranda, harangued the coolie at length, and in the fullness of western energy went so far as to show him how to keep up a regular, even swing. His masterly grasp of a till then untouched occupation not only satisfied himself but also the *shahbash wallah*, who, as usual, was lounging about in the veranda, doing nothing. So, of course, his "*Shahbash, jee shahbash*," preceded Surgeon-Major Pringle's hasty return to the office and prepared Terence O'Brien for the dictum that the offender must be sent about his business; for if he was a camp-follower he *must* have some business, some regular work.

"Worrk, is it?" echoed Terence with his charming smile of pure sympathy. "Be jabers! yes. Worrk—plenty, but not regular, as a rule. The man's a torch-bearer. If it happens to be a dark night, an' annybody wants a *dhooli*, he carries the torch for it."

Dr. Pringle's resentful surprise made him stutter: "Do you mean to say that—that—that—the public money—the rate-payers' money—is wasted in entertaining a whole man for so trivial a task?"

"Trivial, is it? When he's a pillar of fire by night an' a cloud of witnesses by day! An' then he isn't a whole man, sir, at all, at all. Wan of his legs is shorter than the other. I had to break it twice, sir, to get it as straight as it is. Thin, I've grave doubts about his spinal column; an' as I trepanned him myself, I know his head isn't sound. It was two ton of earth fell on him, sir, last rains, when he was givin' a drink to wan of the Sikhs that got hurt blasting. It's nasty, shifty stuff, sir, is the mud in these low hills—nasty, silted alluvial stuff, with a bias in it. So, poor divlle! seeing he wasn't fit for much but the hospital, I put him to the staff of it. An' he kapes things going. Indeed, I wouldn't take it upon myself to say that he doesn't do the native patients as much good as half the drugs I exhibit to the unfortunate craythurs, since for sheer mysterious dispensations of Providence commend me to the British pharmacopoeia."

Once again Surgeon-Major Pringle felt that professional dignity could best be served by silent contempt and orders that the offender was, at least, not to loaf about the verandas.

But the fates were against the flat. In the moonless half of May, driest of all months, a Hindu returning from Hurdwar fell sick, and half an hour after the report, Surgeon-Captain Terence O'Brien, going out of the ward with his senior, paused in his cheerful whistling of "Belave me, if all those endearing young charms," to say, under his breath, "Cholera, mild type." Now cholera, no matter of what type, has an ugly face when seen for the first time, especially when the face which looks into it, wondering if it means life or death, has youth in its eyes. So in the dark nights the *dhooli* came into requisition, and with it the torch-bearer, until the green and the blue and yellow wards overflowed into the verandas, and even the pink *post-mortem* claimed its final share of boys. Not a large one, however, since, as Terence O'Brien said, "It was wan of those epidemics when ye couldn't rightly say a man had cholera till he died of it."

It was bad enough, however, to make the surgeon-major, who had never seen one before, set to work when it passed, suddenly as it had come, to cipher out averages and tabulate treatments, with a view to what is called future guidance. And so, as he confided to his assistant with great complacency, it

became clear as daylight that the largest percentage of recoveries, their rapidity, and, as a natural corollary, the incidence of mildness in the attack itself, seemed in connection with the position of the cots. Those close to the doors, or actually on the verandas, were the most fortunate, and so he was inclined to believe in the value of currents of fresh air.

"Fresh air, is it?" echoed Terence, with an encouraging smile. "May be; may be not. God knows, it may be anything in the wide wurld, since there's but wan thing ye can bet your bottom dollar on in cholera, sir, an' that is that ye can't tell anything about it for certain, an' that your experience of wan epidemic won't be that of the next."

"Neither does your experience, Mr. O'Brien," retorted his senior, sarcastically, "militate against mine being more fortunate. I mean to leave no stone unturned to arrive at reliable data on points which appear to me to have been overlooked. For instance, I shall begin by asking those cases of recovery if they remember anything which seemed at the time to bring them relief—to stimulate in them that vitality which it is so essential to preserve."

In pursuance of which plan he went out then and there to the veranda, where a dozen or more lank boys were lounging about listlessly, just beginning to feel that life might soon mean more than a gray duffle dressing-gown and a long chair.

"No, sir," said the first, firmly. "I disremember anythin' that done me good. I jest lay with a sickenin' pain in my inside, an' a don't-care-if-I-do-feelin' outside." He paused, and another boy took up the tale sympathetically.

"So it was. A reg'lar don't-care except w'en that little 'eathen—'im that's always sayin' *shabbash*, sir, come along; an' that seem to me most times. 'E made me feel a blamed sight—beggin' pardon, sir—worse. For I kep' thinkin' of where I see 'im first, like a alley taw in the dead 'ouse; an' the dead 'ouse isn't a cheerful sorter think w'en you ain't sure but wot you're goin' there. It made me—" he paused in his turn.

"Made ye what?" asked Terence O'Brien, who had followed to listen.

"Give me the 'orors, sir, till I'd 'ave swopped all I knew to kick 'im quiet; but not bein' able, I jest lay an' kep' it for 'im against I could, till it seemed like as I must; an' so I will."

"In cases of extreme nervous depression, sir," began the junior, mischievously, "a counter-irritant—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Dr. Pringle, angrily, and walked back with great dignity to the office.

But the conversation thus started lingered among the gray dressing-gowns, the result of comparing notes being a general verdict that "Alley Taw" deserved that kicking. He did not actually get it, however; the boys were too big, and he too small, for that. But he sank into still greater disrepute, becoming, in truth, that most unenviable of all things not made nor created, but begotten of idle wit—a garrison butt. Not that he seemed to care much. He grew more furtive in his lounging, but nothing seemed to disturb the divine calm of his commendation for the world which he had created for himself with his "Bravo, boys, bravo!" Behold, all things in it were very good! That, at least, was Terence O'Brien's fanciful way of looking at the position. As he went about his work whistling "Belave me, if all those endearing young charms"—a tune which he said cheered the boys—he would often pause to smile at the *shahbash wallah*. After a time, however, the smile would change to a quick narrowing of the eyes, as if something in the bearing of the man was puzzling. Finally, one day, coming upon the man sidling along a bit of brick wall which had been built to strengthen a crack in the mud one overhanging the dry water-course, he pulled up, asked a few rapid questions, and then lifted the man's eyelids and peered into the soft brown eyes, as if he wanted to see through them to a crack he knew of in the back of the man's skull.

"And you are sure you see as well as ever?" he asked again. "Quite as well, *Huzoor*," came the answer, with a faint tremor in it. "I can see to carry the torch on the darkest of nights if it is wanted, *Huzoor*."

"H'm!" said Dr. O'Brien doubtfully, promising himself to test the truth of this statement. But the fates again decreed otherwise. The next day's mail brought orders for him to go and act elsewhere for a senior on two months' leave.

Dr. Pringle was not sorry. How could you collaborate properly with a man who calmly admitted that at a pinch he had used a bullet-mould to extract a tooth?

The monsoon had long since broken in the plains ere the young doctor returned; but in the arid tract in which Fort Lawrence lay, rain came seldom at any time. And that was a year of abnormal drought. The fissures in the mud seemed to widen with the heat, and the fringe of green oleanders which followed every turn of the dry water-course, mutely witnessing to unseen moisture below, wilted and drooped. In the new-built fort itself a crack or two showed in the level platform jutting out across the low valley on which the building stood, and in more than one place portions of the low mud cliffs crumbled and broke away. The whole earth, indeed, seemed agape with thirst.

But water in plenty came at last. On the very day, in fact, when Terence O'Brien returned to the fort, which he reached on foot, having had to leave his *dhooli* behind, owing to a small slip on the road; nevertheless, as he crossed over from the mess close to his quarters close to the hospital that evening, he told himself that he had the devil's own luck to be there at all. For the rain was then hitting the hard ground with a distinct thud, and spurring up from it in spray, showing white against the black murk of the night. And the rush of the stream filling up the dry bed of the water-course, and playing marbles with the boulders, was like a lion's roar.

It did not keep him awake, however, for he was dead tired. So he slept the sleep of the just. For how long he did not know. It was darker than ever when he woke suddenly—why he knew not, and with the same blind instinct was out into the open quick as he could grope his way.

Not an instant too soon, either. A deafening crash told him that, though he could not see his own hand. The rain had ceased, but the rush of the river dulled hearing to all lesser sounds. As he stood dazed, he staggered, slipped, almost fell. Was that an earthquake, or was the solid ground parting somewhere close at hand? And if his house was down, how about the hospital and the sick folk?

He turned at the thought, and ran till, in the dark and the silence of that overwhelming roar, he came full tilt upon some one else running in the dark also. It was the surgeon-major.

"The hospital's down. Have you a light—anything—a match?" panted Dr. Pringle. "We must have a light to see—"

"Oh, masal! Oh, masal-jee!" (Oh, the torch! Oh, the torch-bearer!) shouted Terence at the top of his voice as he ran on till stopped by something blocking the way. Ruins! And that was the sound of voices.

"What's up?" he cried.

"Don't know, sir," came from unseen hearers. "Part o' the 'orspital's down, but we can't see. It's a slide o' some sort, for there's a crack right across nigh under our feet. If we could get a light!"

"Oh, masal! Oh, masal-jee!" The doctor's voice rang out again towards the camp followers' lines, but the roar was deafening. And in the night, when all men are asleep, the news of disaster travels slowly. Yet without a light it was impossible even to realize what had happened; still less to help the sick who might lie crushed.

"Oh, masal! Oh, masal-jee—thank God, there's a light at last."

There was—in the far distance across the quadrangle. But it was not a torch; it was only an officer in a gorgeous sleeping-suit running with a bedroom candle. Still it was a light!

"Come on, man!" shouted Terence O'Brien, as it slackened speed, paused, stopped dead. His was the only voice which seemed to carry through the roar.

But the gay sleeping-suit stood still, waving its candle.

"It's the crack, sir," called some one in Terence O'Brien's ear. "It goes right across, I expect—we'd best find out first."

It did. A yawning fissure, twenty feet wide, had cut the hospital compound in two, and isolated one angle of the fort—that nearest the river—from the rest. Twenty feet wide, at least, judged by the glimmer of light! And how deep? Had the river cut it? Was it only a matter of time when the mud island on which they stood should be swept away? And what were the means of escape? There was more light now; more bedroom candles and sleeping-suits; a lamp or two, and others behind, as the boys—last to wake—came running, to pause like the first-comers, at the impassable gulf; for the more it could be seen, the more difficult seemed the task of crossing it at once. By and by, perhaps, with ladders and ropes it would be possible—but now? Terence O'Brien, feeling the "now" imperative, skirted the crumbling edge almost too near for safety, in his eagerness to find some foothold for a daring man; but there was none. True, the brick wall built to strengthen the cracked mud one still bridged the extreme end of the fissure, looking as if the mud had deliberately shrunk from its intrusion. It hung there half seen, on God knows what slender foundation—perhaps on none. But it could give no help. To trust it would be madness; a touch might send it down into the river below. No! Since none could cross the gap, there must be more light on the farther side; torches, a bonfire—anything to pierce the dark and let men see how to help themselves and other men!

"Oh, masal! Oh, masal-jee an!" The cry went out with all the force of his lungs. Surely the camp followers must be awake by now.

One was, at any rate; for, surrounded by a halo from the fagot of blazing pitch-pine it carried, a figure showed upon the path, worn close to the mud walls of the native quarters by the foot-tracks of those whose duty took them to the hospital. It was the *shahbash wallah*, coming slowly, almost indifferently, in answer to the call; coming as if to his ordinary duty towards the growing fringe of ineffectual candles and eager men bordering the impassable. That was better. Half a dozen more such halos—and there were plenty if they would only come—and eager men on the other side would see how to help themselves and their comrades!

But no other halo followed the one which followed the foot-track of others so closely, and once again the call was given:

"Oh, masal! Oh, masal-jee an! Oh, masal! Oh, masal-jee!"

"Hazz, Huzoor!" (Present, sir.)

The nearness of the voice made Terence O'Brien look up, for it was the first voice he had heard clearly from the other side against that roar of the river. But, as he looked, another voice beside him said, hurriedly:

"My God! he's coming across."

He was. Surrounded by the halo of his own light, and keeping religiously to the beaten path, the *shahbash wallah*, leaving the mud wall of the quarters, had struck the outer brick one as it stood, supported for a few yards by a spit of earth upon which the foot-track showed as the light passed. A spit, narrowing to nothing—no, not to nothing, but to a mere ledge of earth and mortar clinging, like a swallow's nest, to the brick—wider here, narrower there, yet still able to give faint foothold upon the traces of those feet which had passed and repassed so often to their trivial round, their common task. Foothold! Aye! But what of the brain guiding the feet? What of the courage guiding the brain?

And even then, what of the foundation?

A sort of murmur rose above the roar. "He can't do it—impossible—tell him. Call to him, O'Brien. Tell him not to try."

The doctor stood for one second watching the figure centring its circle of light against the background of wall; then, even though there was no need for it, his voice fell to a whisper. "Hush!" he said. "Don't hustle him. By the Lord who made me, he doesn't know; he's feeling his way every inch by the wall. He's blind, and by God! if anybody can do it, he will."

He did. Step by step, slowly, confidently, in the footsteps of others.

And the great cry of "Bravo, brother, bravo!" which went

up from both sides of the gap as he and his torch stepped on to firm ground brought him as much surprise as a voice from heaven might have done.

"Pressure on the brain!" said Surgeon-Captain Terence O'Brien, about three weeks after this, when he and Dr. Pringle had had a consultation over the *shahbash wallah*. He was not only blind now, but there was a drag in the good leg as he limped about, over which both doctors shook their heads. "And there's nothing to be done that I can see. The boys will miss him!"

That was true. "Alley Taw" had come into favor since the night when, as Terence phrased it, "he had done a brave deed without doing it," and by failing to see the evil, had enabled other men to do good. For the torch had not disclosed irretrievable disaster, and by timely rescue not a life had been lost.

Surgeon-Major Pringle frowned. He was beginning to understand his India a little, but the idea of the *shahbash wallah* being a useful member of society was still as a red rag to a bull. And so, out of sheer contrariety, he began to talk doctor's talk as to the possibility of this or that.

"It's life or death, anyhow," said the junior, shaking his head, "but I don't see it. I wouldn't try it myself—not now, at any rate."

Perhaps not then. But after a month or two more he said: "It's your suggestion; I don't believe it can be done, but you may as well try."

For the *shahbash wallah*, half paralyzed, had even given up his cry. So, part of the hospital being still under repair, they took him to the pink post-mortem house and set all the doors and windows wide for more light. He was quite unconscious by that time, so Terence O'Brien only had the chloroform handy, and kept his finger on the pulse. Half a dozen or more of the boys were on the mud steps over against the hospital compound, waiting to hear the *shahbash wallah's* fate. But you might have heard a pin drop in the post-mortem, save for the occasional quick request for this or that as the surgeon-major, with the surgeon-captain's eyes watching him, set his whole soul and heart and brain on doing something that had never been done before.

So the minutes passed. Was it to be failure or success? The surgeon-major's fingers were deft—none other.

The minutes passed to hours. That which had to be done had to be done with one touch, light as a feather, steady as a rock, perfect in its performance, or not at all.

And still the minutes passed. Terence O'Brien's face was losing some of its eagerness in sympathy, Dr. Pringle's gaining it in anxiety; for clear, insistent, not-to-be-silenced doubt was making itself heard. Only the *shahbash wallah* cared not at all as he lay like a corpse.

It had come to the last chance. The last; and Dr. Pringle, with a pulse of wild resentment at his own weakness, realized that his nerve was going, his hand shaking. Still, it had to be done. The splinter of bone raised—the whole process he had thought out as the last chance gone through. He steadied himself and began. Failure or success? Failure—failure—failure! The word beat in on his heart and brain, bringing unsteadiness to both.

"Dresser, the chloroform," said Terence O'Brien, sharply; for there was a quiver in the man's eyelids.

But ere the deadening drug did its work the *shahbash wallah's* brain, set free to work along familiar lines by the raising of that splintered bone, had sent its old message to his lips:

"*Shahbash, bhaiyan, shahbash!*"

In telling the story Dr. Pringle says no more; generally because he cannot.

But after a time, if you are a brother craftsman, he will give you all details of the biggest and most successful operation he ever did.

And though he is slow to allow the corollary, he never denies that the *shahbash wallah's* verdict put courage into him.

An Innovation in American Cities.

At present Albany, the capital city of the Empire State, is the only place on the western hemisphere where a meridian line can be found. While examining the Milan cathedral, Mayor John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, noticed in the floor a brass strip, and was told that it was intended to establish the direction of



HOW ALBANY MARKS ITS MERIDIAN LINE.

north and south for the benefit of surveyors and to perfect the title to deeds of land. He recognized that it would be an excellent thing for his own city, and accordingly suggested it to the common council, which body favored the idea, and last May ordered that the mayor and city engineer take steps to lay down a substantial meridian line.

It is now in place and is causing much comment, for it is a striking object in the principal part of the city. A meridian, or a true north and south line, can be drawn through any spot in any city.

The expense of establishing a meridian line is about six hundred dollars, and this includes a sun-dial and bronze tablet upon which should be stated the true latitude and longitude which are to guide the city surveys. It is best to have it constructed of the best materials and preferably in the sidewalk, where the wear will be less than in the street. Ten feet is almost too short a line, and one measuring a surveyor's link (about sixty-eight feet) is better. A stretch of sidewalk seventy-eight feet long was torn up after the survey was made and a bed of concrete was laid. Upon this were placed thirteen clear marble slabs, five inches deep, six feet long, and two feet broad. Through this broad stretch of marble was anchored securely a six-inch band of brass, and at a distance apart on either side were anchored four bronze arrows, one yard long, marked "North" and "South."

Close to the meridian line at Albany, and directly over the corner-stone of the city hall, was placed the most approved form of sun-dial and a bronze tablet bearing this inscription:

"RENEW THYSELF EACH DAY."

"The final of the tower of this city hall is in latitude 42° 39' 06.4"; longitude 73° 45' 18.5", or 4 hrs. 55 min. 01.2 sec. The standard time for the 75th meridian is 4 min. 58.8 sec. slower than Albany local time. The base line on the sidewalk is a true astronomical meridian. Erected in the mayoralty of John Boyd Thacher, July 22d, 1897."

CUYLER REYNOLDS.

Points about Life Insurance.

My invitation to readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* who desire information regarding life-insurance matters to communicate with me has resulted in a more voluminous correspondence than I had anticipated, but I shall endeavor to answer all reasonable interrogatories as promptly as possible. If there is delay in responding, it is because investigation requires time; but all questions that deserve consideration will receive it as promptly as possible.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, November 18th, 1897.

To the *Hermit*, *Leslie's Weekly*:—I do not understand what the "surrender value" of a life-insurance policy means. An agent for the Northwestern Life has been giving me figures to show that his company is better than any other, and he tells me that any one who knows the "surrender value" of a policy will agree with him. I wish you would give me your opinion.

J. T. S.

The surrender value of a policy is the amount that the company will pay when the policy is given up during the life-time of the insured. Some policies provide for a special surrender value, and the premium on such policies, of course, is higher than the premium on a policy payable only on death, because, as I have said before in this column, the former is an investment as well as a life insurance, while the latter is simple life insurance. For many years after life insurance companies were started no surrender values whatever were given on policies that were given up, but the entire value of such policies was forfeited for the benefit of those who kept their contracts in force.

This was a great hardship to holders of policies who could not continue to pay the premiums and who were thus obliged to abandon them. Now all of the old-line insurance companies are obliged by law to give a certain return to the insured if he abandons his policy after the expiration of two or three years. Some companies have gone to the other extreme, and have offered liberal returns to those who surrender their policies. Others issue what are called "tontine policies," that promise the entire reserve and accumulated profits to all who keep their policies in force to the end of a certain period—say ten, fifteen, or twenty years. Insurance agents have a way of figuring up what they think one ought to receive for his policy on its surrender, but no agent will ever make an absolute written agreement as to the surrender value of a policy beyond an amount guaranteed by the company. This guarantee is always a moderate one—much less than what the agents calculate it should be.

Fortunately, the law steps in to regulate some of these matters, and under its compulsion even an insurance agent is obliged to tell the truth or take the consequences. If a person desires to invest his money in a life-insurance policy which shall guarantee the payment of a certain amount in case of his death, and which in case of his survival for ten, fifteen, or twenty years shall return to him all that he has paid in for life insurance, with interest added to the same, he must expect to pay a higher price than he would if he simply paid for a policy that guarantees a certain death payment. The cash surrender value, therefore, means a value which the policy has not only at the death of the person, but at any time when he may choose to give up his policy and ask the company to make him some return of the cash which he has paid in for his annual premiums.

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS, November 20th.

To the *Hermit*. Dear Sir:—I notice what you say about assessment insurance. Do you mean by this term to refer to such societies as are called fraternal insurance companies? Do you think they will also have to increase their rates of insurance as they grow older? If so, may they not be as high in time as the rates of the high-class companies that you call the "old-line" concerns?

FRATERNAL.

I reply that I class the fraternal insurance companies with the assessment companies because the former levy assessments to meet their liabilities. I cannot dispel the conviction that the fraternal companies will have to increase their assessments as their liabilities increase, and, of course, the older the members the greater the death-rate. I am told that one of the largest of the fraternal organizations has recently increased its assessment by a considerable percentage. This is the natural result of assessment insurance. The peculiarity of the old-line companies is that the rate is fixed from the beginning, and, though it is higher at the start, you have a guarantee that it cannot be any higher at the finish.

The Hermit.



FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE STICKEEN RIVER.



"THE DEVIL'S SLIDE" THE MOST TRE



SHEEP CAMP (APPROACH TO CHILKOOT PASS) AFTER THE FLOOD OF LAST SEPTEMBER 12TH.



LANDING FREIGHT AT SKAGWAY.



MAIL-OFFICE ON M'KINNEY STREET, SKAGWAY.



AN OLD ROCK SLIDE ON THE FIRST SKAGWAY "CUT-OFF."

LATEST ALASKAN VIEWS, SHOWING THE SKAGWAY AND DYEA ROUTES TO THE KI

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHTED, 1898 BY E. G. CURTIS.—[S]



"CUT-OFF," THE MOST TREACHEROUS PART OF SKAGWAY TRAIL.



ON THE SUMMIT OF PORCUPINE RIDGE.



WAGON-ROAD THROUGH SKAGWAY.



BLACK LAKE, SEVEN MILES INLAND ON THE SKAGWAY TRAIL.



"CUT-OFF."



THE FLATS OF DYEA RIVER BELOW THE CAÑON.

TO THE KLONDIKE AT THE CLOSE OF TRAFFIC FOR THE WINTER SEASON.

Are We a Two-faced People?

"Do you mean to tell me that I have two faces?"
"Yes, sir; unquestionably I do."

Mr. George G. Rockwood, of New York, who is one of the most widely known photographers of public men in America, quoted the above conversation in an interview for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*.

"Those words," said Mr. Rockwood, "which passed between ex-Senator William M. Evarts and myself, were spoken neither in anger nor in sorrow. In fact, they really implied a compliment. But as you have asked me for some practical illustrations of my observation that the human face conveys two totally distinct impressions—each peculiar to the side from which it is observed—I cannot do better than begin by telling you of my experiences with William M. Evarts."

"The right side shows what I may call an 'empty face.' The left is the characteristic side; in it, especially, we see whatever of geniality, of 'sweetness and light,' there may be in the disposition. The right, while it may sometimes happen to show more strength, is, as a rule, mask-like and immobile, and it fails as an index to character. Although this applies to the entire ensemble of the right side of the face, it is particularly true as regards the expression of the eye. I have often thought it strange that even the most famous modern portrait-painters, despite their necessarily close and discriminating study of the



PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY.
Copyright by Rockwood.

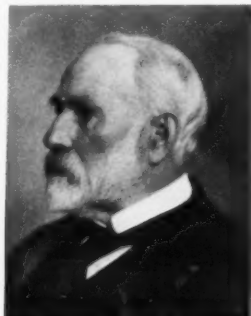


human countenance, should have failed to discover this essential difference. Perhaps the reason is that the artist seeks the comely side first of all.

"But I must tell you of Mr. Evarts. A few years ago I had occasion to photograph ten representative Americans for the birthday-book of William Cullen Bryant, upon the poet's seventieth anniversary. Among these men were Bayard Taylor, N. P. Willis, George Bancroft, and William M. Evarts. It so happened that Mr. Evarts was the last to sit for his portrait. I saw at once that if I was to succeed in making a thoroughly characteristic study, one which would bring out the salient points of his personality, I should have to photograph the left profile; but in looking over the photographs of his predecessors in the series I found that I had made quite a number of them



GENERAL BENJAMIN F. TRACY.
Copyright by Rockwood.

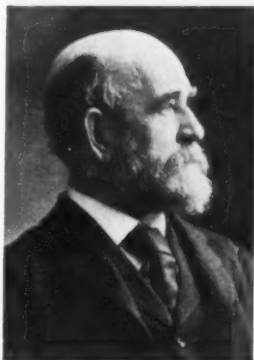


from the left side. As I did not want to produce a monotonous series of pictures, I told Mr. Evarts that I had better take some other view of him. When he had heard my explanation he said: 'Do you mean to say that I have two faces?' 'Unquestionably,' I answered. Then he listened gravely while I told him of my discovery about the right and left sides. 'Now,' said he, 'I came here expecting to find only a photographer, but I have met a philosopher.' He continued, in his dry way: 'I am not handsome at the best, and if there is a favorable side of me I hope you will present it; and let some one else be sacrificed to your desire to avoid monotony in this series of portraits.' Mr. Evarts had his way, and the picture I then took of him—a left profile view—is to-day the authoritative picture.

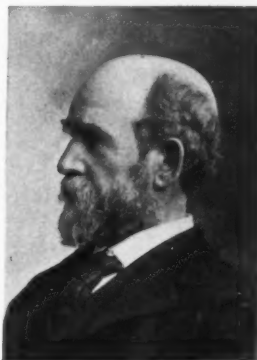
"I have lived a busy life, and my work has brought me into contact with such varied phases of human nature that my opportunities for observation have been unusual. To give you an instance, I once photographed the President of the United States, and the very next sitter was a servant-girl. She was kind enough to tell me that I had not treated her with any less attention than I had the President."

"Concerning this difference between the two sides of people's heads and faces, I remember once speaking about it to ex-President Martin Van Buren, who was very much interested. I often had conversations on the subject with William Cullen Bryant, with Bayard Taylor, and with General Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter. The general asked me whether I had evolved any theory in the matter. I said I had not, but that I intended to make inquiries. The very next sitter I had was a fine, intellectual-looking man. As I placed him in position I said to him: 'I think the left side of your face is decidedly the best; it is the most gentle and genial.' 'How about the right side?' he asked. I said: 'That is perhaps stronger and more earnest, but it is not as genial as the left side.' Like General Anderson, this sitter also asked me whether I had any 'theory.' I told him no, but that I should be glad to hear one suggested, or to have any light thrown on the subject. 'I think,' said he, 'that you are entirely correct, and, indeed, your estimate of the two sides of the face corresponds with my religious belief. I am

a Swedenborgian, and we believe that the left side of the human face typifies sweetness, goodness, and mercy, while the right side has to do with right, justice, and the law.' I was quite impressed by this incident."



HENRY GEORGE.
Copyright by Rockwood.



"Here are two photographs of General Benjamin F. Tracy, late candidate for the mayoralty of the greater New York. There is, however, something a little peculiar about the general; his left eye is gone, and therefore he always has the right side of his face taken. Recently he came into my studio, and after I had posed him, I said, 'Why, general the left side of your face is much the better of the two; the expression of the eye is better.' 'I suppose so,' he replied; 'that is a new glass eye!' Now, in spite of this, if you examine these two pictures, taken respectively from the opposite sides of General Tracy's face, you will see that the left is the most characteristic, and that in both photographs the head is in precisely the same position. It is the point of view that differs."

"Look at these photographs of the right and left sides of the late Henry George's face. I know of no stronger demonstration of the truth of what I claim than may be found in these two profiles. Almost without question the left side is the best one to photograph."

"If you ask me whether there are not exceptions to this general rule, I will say yes, there are. And they are very notable exceptions, too, which increase the interest attaching to their rarity. One was Henry Ward Beecher, the others are Grover Cleveland, Richard Croker, and President McKinley. The right sides of the President's and Mr. Cleveland's heads are immeasurably the best, and in the case of Mr. Croker the characteristic side is easily the right. I may mention that when I posed the Reverend Dr. Watson ('Ian Maclaren'), during his visit to the United States, I noticed that the novelist's left side had slightly the advantage over the right. This is worthy of note, because Dr. Watson's face, considered as a whole, is singularly well balanced, so to speak. He himself, however, has generally preferred to be taken from the right side."

"Secretary Sherman had frequently been photographed before he came to me, and always from the right side. I saw the mistake at once, and made my picture of him from the left side. It was afterwards engraved—I speak of some years since—for the Treasury Department, and it is considered his standard portrait. Similar instances could be named without limit, had I time to relate and you space to print them."

"I have said that I wonder modern portrait-painters have not recognized what I claim to have discovered as a photographer. But when I saw the originals of some of the more celebrated portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Joshua Reynolds in London I noticed that those masters showed a certain tendency to favor the left side of their subjects' faces. The pictures I refer to were what is known as heroic size, and this made the tendency to portray the left side more strikingly apparent."

"There is one point I may mention in connection with the taking of photographs. Only in either a 'three-quarters' or a profile view can you really bring out the strong points of the face or show the dome of the head. All this is impossible in a front view. I have never seen a front-face photograph upon which I would agree to pass judgment as to a man's character."



RICHARD CROKER.
Copyright by Rockwood.



And I have never seen a profile view upon which I would not have been willing to form an estimate. I once trusted a friend with my confidence. One day, by the merest chance, I happened to look upon his face in profile. I was frightened at the thought that I had confided secrets to him, for in his profile I saw the weakness of his character. In a profile or three-quarters face alone can you bring out the salient characteristics, the tremendous force, of the typical American, the 'everlasting Yankee.'"

THOMAS DONNELLY.

Birth of the Pansy.

THE Christ in dark Gethsemane
Wept tears of bitter agony,
And where they fell upon the earth
The sad, sweet pansy had its birth.

ARTHUR COLFAX GRISSOM.

Winter Famine in the Klondike.

JUNEAU, ALASKA, November 25th.

THERE has been no mail by carrier from Dawson City for some time past; but stragglers and small parties coming out of the Klondike for the winter bring the latest news from the upper Yukon gold-camps—news which at best is from six to eight weeks old. Yesterday three parties arrived here, numbering in all about fifty men. They had come out over the Dalton trail from Five Finger Rapids, on the Lewis River. One party had been fifty-five days on trail and river from Dawson City, having lost their boat and the greater part of their provisions when about half-way up the Lewis River from Pelly. None of these adventurers brings much gold; but they tell startling and pitiful stories of famine and the starvation exodus from the Klondike region.

Already in the early part of October the situation along the upper Yukon, and especially at Dawson City, had become critical. There are over two thousand persons in Dawson for the winter, with the food supply already short, and every avenue of relief closed. Winter has set in, the river is frozen, and no more food in any considerable quantity can be got into the Klondike, either from St. Michael's or by the overland passes, until the middle of next June. The Canadian officials and the Commercial trading people, foreseeing the danger of famine, gave general warning, and the following notice was posted:

"The undersigned officials of the Canadian government, having carefully looked over the present distressing situation in regard to the supply of food for the winter, find that the stock is not sufficient to meet the wants of the people now in the district, and can see only one way out of the difficulty, and that is an immediate movement down the river of all those who are now unsupplied to Fort Yukon, where there is a large stock of provisions. Within a few days the river will be closed, and the movement must be made at once. It is absolutely hazardous to build hopes upon the arrival of other boats. It is almost beyond a possibility that any more food will come into this district. For those who have not laid in a winter's supply to remain here any longer is to court death from starvation, or, at least, a certainty of sickness from scurvy or other troubles. Starvation now stares every man in the face who is hoping and waiting for outside relief. Little effort and trifling cost will place them all in comfort and safety within a few days at Fort Yukon, or at other points below, where there are now lying stocks of food."

Then the "starvation exodus" began, and several hundred persons, most of them fairly supplied with money, but having no provisions, started down the river for Circle City and Fort Yukon. But boats were scarce, and dogs scarcer, so that the majority of those who would have been glad to go out remain perforce in Dawson. In midwinter, when the solid ice has formed, the hardy and adventurous may travel in Arctic fashion, with dogs; but whoever possesses means and provisions enough for this need not wish to get out. On the same principle, expeditions that brave the wintry passes and get in by the same means cannot bring any substantial relief, because they will need all they can carry for their own consumption.

An epidemic of sickness menaces Dawson City this winter, on account of the insufficient food supply and total lack of sanitation. The epidemic of lawlessness, violence, and crime has already broken out. The struggle for life in the Klondike this winter takes the form of a fierce fight for food. That, and not gold, is the all-precious commodity. As usual in such places, there is a comparative abundance of whiskey, and everybody goes armed to the teeth. Stealing food is the capital crime. To be caught in the act of robbing a *cache*, or store of "grub," is practically sure death—from the owner's rifle, not from the police, who do not arrest criminals, because they cannot feed them. All that can be done, even with murderers, is to compel them to "clear out" down the river.

Even as early as September two transport steamers carrying supplies for the North American and the Alaska Commercial companies, respectively, were "held up" by half-famished miners at points on the Yukon, and compelled to unload the greater portion of their cargoes. These supplies the miners were able and willing to pay for at the companies' own prices. What they insisted upon at the point of the rifle and the shotgun was, that the steamers should stand and deliver—for a just consideration in dust and nuggets—a sufficient amount of provisions to supply the miners' pressing needs before going on to the auriferous markets of Circle City and Dawson.

And yet, even now, in November, men are arriving here in Juneau from the States who think they can push right on to the Klondike—some six hundred and fifty or seven hundred miles from salt water, by the nearest route! These men, as a rule, come to their senses when they reach Skagway or Dyea. Some of them get to Sheep Camp, or perhaps cross the Chilkoot Pass and proceed as far as Lake Bennett, and then settle down in camp for the winter.

Although, of course, travel from Dawson is over for the season, the Skagway is the best and the busiest of all the winter trails. A great deal of packing still goes on over the Skagway and Dyea, in order to have goods at the lakes, to be hurried on to the Klondike at the earliest opening in the spring. A system of elevated tramways is being constructed over the Chilkoot, by means of which packs and all heavy baggage will be swung over in huge iron buckets and landed at Crater Lake, on the farther side of the summit.

The several views sent with this letter are photographs taken within the last few weeks, and represent in its latest phases the life on the overland trails to Dawson City. Skagway is practically a camp of some fifteen hundred people, including a few enterprising women. It has no United States post-office, but private enterprise has established a mail service, by which letters are received and delivered for a fee of five cents each.

As to the scenery along the route, it is of romantic, though austere, beauty. The photographer has made it his business to secure several choice bits—notably the glimpse of Black Lake, seven miles inland on the Skagway trail, and nestling amidst frowning mountains. Another view shows the Devil's Slide, a most dangerous point on the trail, where the packer has just crossed the summit and is turned back into a cañon which leads to the head waters of the Skagway River. The stream is here but a brook, flowing down one side of the water-shed which separates the coast streams from the great valley of the Yukon.

E. B. B.

The Foot-ball Season and the All-America Eleven of 1897.

It is stated authoritatively that the foot-ball games played in Philadelphia between the University of Pennsylvania team and those of Harvard, Cornell, the Indians, and Lafayette attracted the amazing grand total of eighty thousand whooping, enthusiastic lovers of the great pigskin chase. Prices at these meetings ranged all the way from fifty cents to five dollars. Harvard and Yale divided thirty thousand dollars as their share of the receipts of the Cambridge game, while nearly the same amount was realized from the Princeton-Yale struggle.

Even the Yale-Indian game, early in the season at New York, netted each team over three thousand dollars, and with nearly every school and college playing the game the country over, it is not too much to say that foot-ball has attracted greater crowds and realized greater gains in the past eight weeks than any other three sports played in as many months of the year about to close. In the history of the game the season of 1897 is the most successful, the best yet, and the clean playing and the unimportant and few injuries which characterized the games of the larger college teams in their championship struggles has done the sport a world of good.

This is the time, however, when the heat of these grand personal encounters of brawn, of brain, and agility has somewhat abated, and one in cool reflection turns backward and goes over this soul-stirring run of the diminutive De Saulles, that superhuman effort of the giant Cadwallader, that superb, electrifying drop-kick for goal by the famous Pueblo Indian, Hudson, and finds it interesting speculation indeed to line up the different stars, review their play, then pick an eleven best calculated to represent all America in an irresistible attack, a stonewall defense, and a reliable scoring and well-balanced kicking game.

Beginning on the flanks of the forward line, whom have we to fill the bill of speed in getting down the field; of dead-sure tackling; of versatility and that intuitive sense which renders it possible for one always to be in the right place at the right time? Surely Boyle, of Pennsylvania, will not be found wanting, and besides, this sandy-haired cyclone on springs has a way which counts of encouraging his comrades to be always a little better than they know how or have the natural inclination. Boyle, then, we will place at left end, and as a running mate, Cochran, of Princeton, seems to be good enough for the fast company in which he must necessarily travel. In defense both are fiends, always going low and sure. In attack both can run with the ball. Each is a successful diagnostician of the most mystifying of new formation plays.

With such good men for tackles as Rodgers and Chamberlin, of Yale; Outland, of Pennsylvania; Swain, of Harvard; Hillebrand, of Princeton; and Scales, of West Point, from which to make a selection, there is little difficulty in rendering this keystone position strong enough for any contingency by picking any two at random. Perhaps the best ground-gaining pair would be Outland and Chamberlin, both being very fast runners, quick to start, and firm on their feet. As a ground-gainer from the regulation tackle run in open formation, Rodgers, of Yale, is unexcelled, but the greater quickness of Outland and Chamberlin would make them more valuable in runs from other formations, as on the kick-off and in getting down and about the field. This Pennsylvania-Yale pair, too, are fine defense men, and are untiring in their efforts, playing always from first to last with steam up to safety-valve limit. Chamberlin, besides, is able to kick well, while Outland has an unusual faculty for executing trick plays successfully and with the deception of a magician.

At the guard points and centre it is not difficult to cast quickly over the field and select outright the Yale centre trio which outplayed that of Harvard, as also the sturdy giants of Princeton. As a trio, and with Pennsylvania as opponents, they would still excel, though Hare as a ground-gainer is superior to either Brown or Chadwick. Then, too, in placing this trio intact in our all-America team we take advantage of the close fellowship which they have enjoyed for so long, which implies team play and a perfect sympathy of thought and action. Cadwallader in the centre is the undisputed man for the place, and in answering any argument as to the superior ground-gaining abilities of other guards, as Bouvé, of Harvard, or Hare, of Pennsylvania, as opposed to Brown and Chadwick, we might easily claim that unison of action in defense, greater strength and weight, and a keener knowledge of the position in all its phases counted for the most.

Thus for the line we have: Boyle and Cochran, ends; Outland and Chamberlin, tackles; Chadwick and Brown, guards; and Cadwallader, center. And what a line!

At quarter-back, De Saulles, of Yale, deserves the honor, not only by virtue of his ability to run scientifically and most effectively, but to direct the attack with the genius of a Napoleon; and, when the opposing team is on the rampage, to be in a dozen different places at the same time, and never in the wrong one at any one time. This youth needs only another year to polish off generally and acquire, as he certainly could during the early practice of the all-America team, the art of dropping goals from the field, to make him the superior of any quarter of the past. To-day, in genius and dash, he stands with the great Beecher of other days.

Turning our attention now to the back-field, it looks at first as though we might strike a snag in filling the position of full-back. When we consider, however, the fine, all-round qualities of Minds, of Pennsylvania, we must gain instant satisfaction and safety in intrusting to him this important place. As a ground-gainer, he is as the steam-engine, which knows not exhaustion, and ever does clean-cut and reliable work. His self-possession upon the field of play is pronounced, and besides punting well he can drop kick. In defense, his tackling is sure, and he is seldom fooled by the clever artifice of an opponent.

It is not so easy, however, to select two hard-running half-backs who combine successful dashes and plunges with a dead-sure defense. Still, one would not go far astray in giving one place to Kelly, of Princeton; the other to Dudley, of Yale—that is, if he were in search simply of two fine runners and tacklers. Neither of these players, however, can kick. But the advantage of possessing at least two backs who can kick well is so necessary that it seems advisable to substitute Wheeler, of Princeton,

for Dudley, of Yale. This combination, however, would leave no very fast man for end play; hence, and in consideration of the running abilities of the tackles for line attacks, Kelly might be replaced by either Dibblee, of Harvard, or Fultz, of Brown University. All in all, Fultz, because of greater experience, should receive the preference. Speaking more particularly now of these latter and final selections, Fultz and Wheeler, this much is to be said: The former is a very fast man, uses his head to perfection, is hard to stop, and can back up his tackle in defense.

Fultz has never yet shown all of which he is capable, because no Brown team has ever given him the support enjoyed by a half on a larger college team. Yet as a Brown player, Fultz has made runs the equal of the best on record. As for Wheeler at half—he is a punter and drop-kicker, a heavy weight with the heels of a light weight, a consistent ground-gainer, and a safe man on the defense.

To sum up, an eleven composed of the players as above-mentioned would, first of all, be very fast and very strong in attack, combining as it would such factors as drop-kicking and punting for emergencies, and for general play the running of every man outside of the centre trio. In defense, the team would show a very aggressive spirit, intelligence in the extreme, versatility, great strength, and plenty of weight.

On one week's notice this team would draw to Manhattan Field thirty thousand people at two dollars a head, bent on seeing a struggle to the finish with the following eleven, against whom even the riskiest of bettors would hardly dare lay odds:

Ends—Cabot, Harvard; Hall, Yale. Tackles—Rodgers, Yale; Swain, Harvard. Guards—Hare, Pennsylvania; Bouvé, Harvard. Centre—Doucette, Harvard. Quarter—Baird, Princeton. Halves—Kelly, Princeton; Dibblee, Harvard. Full-back—McBride, Yale. W. T. BULL.

A Thrilling Tale of Arctic Cold and Hunger.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY, two weeks ago, published an illustrated account of the rescue expedition sent out by the United States government for the relief of the whalers imprisoned in the Arctic ice-pack at Point Barrow, and which has just sailed from San Francisco on the revenue-cutter *Bear*.

On a cot in the Marine Hospital at San Francisco there lies a boy of nineteen named Albert Walter, with a frozen foot, which will probably have to be amputated. He is one of the survivors of the whaler *Navarch*, which was caught in the ice last August off Cape Barrow, and abandoned. The *Navarch* was one of a fleet of eight vessels, carrying two hundred and fifty men, all of which were nipped in the ice a few miles from the old relief station near Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska.

The boy has suffered so much that his head is not clear, and his statements are sometimes rambling. In reply to questions he said:

"The ship was caught in August, what day I cannot now remember, a few miles east of Point Barrow. Expecting that at any moment she might be crushed in the ice we abandoned her, and, with a scanty supply of provisions, we betook ourselves to an ice-floe, which soon drifted away. I think we were fourteen days on the floe, sleeping on the ice under the shelter of hammocks, huddled together in our blankets. I am not sure of the number of days, though I tried to keep count. Several of the men broke down. I saw them drop down and go to sleep; I never saw them get up again.

"After a time the floe drifted out into the open sea, and then we saw one or two vessels, but none of them saw us. We were too weak to shout loud enough to be heard, and after spending the day in trying to attract attention we would drift out into the dark, hopeless and despairing. I was dozing with my head under cover when somebody shook me. A sailor lifted me to my feet, and there, not two yards away, lay the *Thrasher*; her boat was soon alongside the floe, and I was lifted into it. Everything was a blank after that, and I don't remember anything till I found myself in a berth on board the *Alice Knowles*.

"From the *Knowles* I was transferred to the steam whaler *Alexander*. I was suffering horrible pains from my right foot, which had been frozen; my right leg was swollen to twice its natural size. One day Captain Tilton, of the *Alexander*, looked at my foot, and, whipping out his knife, cut the frozen parts off."

To the eastward of Point Barrow, scattered along the edge of the ground ice as far as Herschel Island, the whalers *Ovea*, *Jesse H. Freeman*, *Rosario*, *Fearless*, *Wanderer*, *Jennie*, and *Newport* are fast in the ice-pack. They cannot possibly get out this year. They will probably hold together till the spring; then, as the ice breaks up and the flocs begin to move in the ocean currents and the spring gales begin to blow, they will probably go to pieces.

In anticipation of some such catastrophe, the United States, in September, 1881, established a relief station at Point Barrow, and its usefulness was demonstrated in the following year when the whaler *North Star* was lost off the point, and her crew would have starved but for the supplies furnished them by Lieutenant Ray, in charge of the station. Notwithstanding this proof of its necessity, the station was abandoned shortly afterwards, and the provisions which had been stored there were removed. The blunder might have, and possibly may yet, should the *Bear* expedition meet with unexpected obstacles, cost the lives of over two hundred men this winter. There is a small trading-station on the point, but it is so insufficiently supplied that the keeper was compelled to beg a small stock of food from Captain Coogan, of the *Thrasher*, to carry him through the winter. Neither game nor fish are to be found on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, and the miserable Esquimaux who haunt the vicinity of Herschel Island and the point depend upon the whalers for their food supply, and often perish of hunger during the winter.

The boy Walters, who is now in hospital, was brought to San Francisco in the steam whaler *Alexander*, which took him from the *Knowles*. The *Alexander* sailed from Herschel Island on August 30th. Two days afterwards a heavy ice-pack closed round her, but she managed to work out through an opening in the pack only two hundred yards wide, and closing very fast. On September 6th she passed Point Barrow, and was again caught in a pack running northeast at the rate of three knots an hour, and at the widest portion of the channel

only a mile from the ground ice. In places it narrowed so that the *Alexander* was eighteen hours in gaining four ship-lengths. She ran at the ice-pack at full speed, smashing into it, and when she would back away for another run at the pack the ice-cakes she had loosened would be shoved out of the way with pike-poles to give her a fair run at the hard ice again. Before she reached clear water she ran for nearly one hundred and fifty miles through skim ice from an inch to two inches thick.

JOHN BONNER.

Horrors of the Skagway Trail.

THE horrors of the Skagway trail have only half been told. A number of men have recently returned from the White Pass (which will henceforward be known as the Black Pass) with stories fit to sicken the stoutest heart and subdue the hottest courage. One man, L. J. Rickard, of Seattle, a bright and intelligent young fellow, with plenty of pluck and perseverance, used his very best efforts to get over the trail, but has returned to a more friendly land for the winter, and will make another trial in the spring. He will then go by another route. He has had all of the Skagway trail that he wants. To begin with, the trail was never ready for travel, and the "promoters," who are responsible for all the waste of time and money, should be prosecuted. Rickard arrived at Skagway on the *Islander*, which deposited its passengers on August 1st, and so was among the earliest comers. He had an ordinary miner's outfit, weighing twelve hundred pounds, two horses, and two hundred dollars. He considered himself fairly well-equipped. He helped the others corduroy the trail and bridge the rivers. By the time this necessary work had been done, crowds of wayfarers had arrived, and soon the trail was worse than ever.

In eight weeks of the hardest work he had ever done, Rickard managed to get his goods to the summit of the last hill. Then his money was gone, his horses exhausted, and he had the choice of wintering in the timber by the lakes, while his food supply diminished, or of returning to California and earning more money to again attempt the trip northward. He figured that, if he camped the winter, as so many are counting upon doing, he would have an early start in the spring, but would by that time have only two months' provisions left, at the outside, and he was already penniless. Rickard spent his money for food and shoes for his horses. He says the difficulty of feeding horses on the Skagway trail is enormous. It was necessary to go all the way back to Skagway for hay, and by the time it was brought back to the hungry animals waiting for it the other animals met on the trail, by each taking a passing nip, had reduced the quantity by about fifty per cent. The horses are fond of birch leaves, but they soon contract mud fever, and, as they are insufficiently fed and not sheltered at all, they soon become worthless. Not so many are lost on the trail as is supposed. They really die from lack of care. Horses are a good deal better on the Skagway trail than burros, although the best thing of all would be an ox, which is very good for muddy traveling, and can carry a big load. The burros taken up are almost a failure. They are good over the rocks, but no good at all in the swamp, which forms about two-thirds of the entire distance.

Rickard reports the packers have lost money on account of the mortality among the horses. They would start out with twenty and return with seventeen. The most trying place, below the summit, has been fittingly named Dead Horse Gulch. One of the accompanying pictures shows the grim aspect of this dangerous place. Instead of one short, steep hill, as at the Chil-koot, there are five long hills, and Rickard thinks it is harder than the Chil-koot itself.

Hundreds of disappointed men at Skagway in September were making Herculean efforts to reach the timber that lies beyond the summit with their goods, there to spend the winter and get a very early start down the river in the spring. They must make haste, for snow had already fallen on the summit, and they must make their camp and build their log huts before snow flies; otherwise they cannot procure the moss with which to wedge the chinks of their houses.

It takes a strong back and a weak mind to become a successful packer, Rickard says. He also says that, though quiet and orderly, the Skagway country is the meanest in the world. It rains there all the time, except when it stops long enough to snow.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 20th.

MABEL C. CRAFT.

A Close Relationship.

THE relationship which the baking powders bear towards our health is coming to be appreciated.

There is no doubt that the indigestion and dyspepsia of which many Americans complain are caused by the indiscriminate use of the alum baking powders. These baking powders, from their lower price, from the persistency with which they are advertised as pure cream-of-tartar powders, have come to be sold from almost every grocery.

That alum baking powders are unwholesome is a fact as well established as that arsenic is a poison. There must accordingly be the greatest care exercised by the housewife to keep them from her food. A chemical analysis only will expose their true character. Even the price at which they are sold is no longer a mark to identify them.

There is certain safety in the use of the well-known brand, Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is not only certified by the government chemist free from alum and from all adulteration, but every housewife feels confident of its purity. It is made from chemically pure cream of tartar, and is actually an anti-dyspeptic, promoting digestion and adding to the wholesomeness of the food.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for asthma, in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing. *

Are We a Two-faced People?

"Do you mean to tell me that I have two faces?"

"Yes, sir; unquestionably I do."

Mr. George G. Rockwood, of New York, who is one of the most widely known photographers of public men in America, quoted the above conversation in an interview for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*.

"Those words," said Mr. Rockwood, "which passed between ex-Senator William M. Evarts and myself, were spoken neither in anger nor in sorrow. In fact, they really implied a compliment. But as you have asked me for some practical illustrations of my observation that the human face conveys two totally distinct impressions—each peculiar to the side from which it is observed—I cannot do better than begin by telling you of my experiences with William M. Evarts."

"The right side shows what I may call an 'empty face.' The left is the characteristic side; in it, especially, we see whatever of geniality, of 'sweetness and light,' there may be in the disposition. The right, while it may sometimes happen to show more strength, is, as a rule, mask-like and immobile, and it fails as an index to character. Although this applies to the entire ensemble of the right side of the face, it is particularly true as regards the expression of the eye. I have often thought it strange that even the most famous modern portrait-painters, despite their necessarily close and discriminating study of the



PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY.
Copyright by Rockwood.

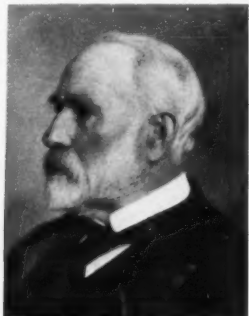


human countenance, should have failed to discover this essential difference. Perhaps the reason is that the artist seeks the comely side first of all.

"But I must tell you of Mr. Evarts. A few years ago I had occasion to photograph ten representative Americans for the birthday-book of William Cullen Bryant, upon the poet's seventieth anniversary. Among these men were Bayard Taylor, N. P. Willis, George Bancroft, and William M. Evarts. It so happened that Mr. Evarts was the last to sit for his portrait. I saw at once that if I was to succeed in making a thoroughly characteristic study, one which would bring out the salient points of his personality, I should have to photograph the left profile; but in looking over the photographs of his predecessors in the series I found that I had made quite a number of them



GENERAL BENJAMIN F. TRACY.
Copyright by Rockwood.

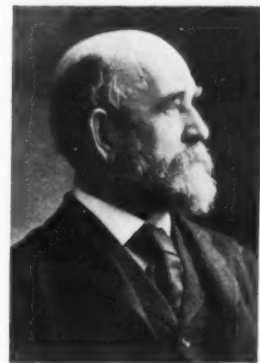


from the left side. As I did not want to produce a monotonous series of pictures, I told Mr. Evarts that I had better take some other view of him. When he had heard my explanation he said: 'Do you mean to say that I have two faces?' 'Unquestionably,' I answered. Then he listened gravely while I told him of my discovery about the right and left sides. 'Now,' said he, 'I came here expecting to find only a photographer, but I have met a philosopher.' He continued, in his dry way: 'I am not handsome at the best, and if there is a favorable side of me I hope you will present it; and let some one else be sacrificed to your desire to avoid monotony in this series of portraits.' Mr. Evarts had his way, and the picture I then took of him—a left profile view—is to-day the authoritative picture.

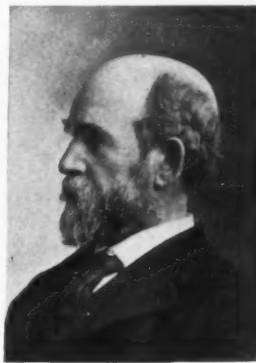
"I have lived a busy life, and my work has brought me into contact with such varied phases of human nature that my opportunities for observation have been unusual. To give you an instance, I once photographed the President of the United States, and the very next sitter was a servant-girl. She was kind enough to tell me that I had not treated her with any less attention than I had the President.

"Concerning this difference between the two sides of people's heads and faces, I remember once speaking about it to ex-President Martin Van Buren, who was very much interested. I often had conversations on the subject with William Cullen Bryant, with Bayard Taylor, and with General Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter. The general asked me whether I had evolved any theory in the matter. I said I had not, but that I intended to make inquiries. The very next sitter I had was a fine, intellectual-looking man. As I placed him in position I said to him: 'I think the left side of your face is decidedly the best; it is the most gentle and genial.' 'How about the right side?' he asked. I said: 'That is perhaps stronger and more earnest, but it is not as genial as the left side.' Like General Anderson, this sitter also asked me whether I had any 'theory.' I told him no, but that I should be glad to hear one suggested, or to have any light thrown on the subject. 'I think,' said he, 'that you are entirely correct, and, indeed, your estimate of the two sides of the face corresponds with my religious belief. I am

a Swedenborgian, and we believe that the left side of the human face typifies sweetness, goodness, and mercy, while the right side has to do with right, justice, and the law.' I was quite impressed by this incident.



HENRY GEORGE.
Copyright by Rockwood.



"Here are two photographs of General Benjamin F. Tracy, late candidate for the mayoralty of the greater New York. There is, however, something a little peculiar about the general; his left eye is gone, and therefore he always has the right side of his face taken. Recently he came into my studio, and after I had posed him, I said, 'Why, general the left side of your face is much the better of the two; the expression of the eye is better.' 'I suppose so,' he replied; 'that is a new glass eye!' Now, in spite of this, if you examine these two pictures, taken respectively from the opposite sides of General Tracy's face, you will see that the left is the most characteristic, and that in both photographs the head is in precisely the same position. It is the point of view that differs.

"Look at these photographs of the right and left sides of the late Henry George's face. I know of no stronger demonstration of the truth of what I claim than may be found in these two profiles. Almost without question the left side is the best one to photograph.

"If you ask me whether there are not exceptions to this general rule, I will say yes, there are. And they are very notable exceptions, too, which increase the interest attaching to their rarity. One was Henry Ward Beecher, the others are Grover Cleveland, Richard Croker, and President McKinley. The right sides of the President's and Mr. Cleveland's heads are immeasurably the best, and in the case of Mr. Croker the characteristic side is easily the right. I may mention that when I posed the Reverend Dr. Watson ('Ian Maclaren'), during his visit to the United States, I noticed that the novelist's left side had slightly the advantage over the right. This is worthy of note, because Dr. Watson's face, considered as a whole, is singularly well balanced, so to speak. He himself, however, has generally preferred to be taken from the right side.

"Secretary Sherman had frequently been photographed before he came to me, and always from the right side. I saw the mistake at once, and made my picture of him from the left side. It was afterwards engraved—I speak of some years since—for the Treasury Department, and it is considered his standard portrait. Similar instances could be named without limit, had I time to relate and you space to print them.

"I have said that I wonder modern portrait-painters have not recognized what I claim to have discovered as a photographer. But when I saw the originals of some of the more celebrated portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Joshua Reynolds in London I noticed that those masters showed a certain tendency to favor the left side of their subjects' faces. The pictures I refer to were what is known as heroic size, and this made the tendency to portray the left side more strikingly apparent.

"There is one point I may mention in connection with the taking of photographs. Only in either a 'three-quarters' or a profile view can you really bring out the strong points of the face or show the dome of the head. All this is impossible in a front view. I have never seen a front-face photograph upon which I would agree to pass judgment as to a man's character.



RICHARD CROKER.
Copyright by Rockwood.



And I have never seen a profile view upon which I would not have been willing to form an estimate. I once trusted a friend with my confidence. One day, by the merest chance, I happened to look upon his face in profile. I was frightened at the thought that I had confided secrets to him, for in his profile I saw the weakness of his character. In a profile or three-quarters face alone can you bring out the salient characteristics, the tremendous force, of the typical American, the 'everlasting Yankee.'

THOMAS DONNELLY.

Birth of the Pansy.

THE Christ in dark Gethsemane
Wept tears of bitter agony,
And where they fell upon the earth
The sad, sweet pansy had its birth.

ARTHUR COLFAE GRISSOM.

Winter Famine in the Klondike.

JUNEAU, ALASKA, November 25th.

THERE has been no mail by carrier from Dawson City for some time past; but stragglers and small parties coming out of the Klondike for the winter bring the latest news from the upper Yukon gold-camps—news which at best is from six to eight weeks old. Yesterday three parties arrived here, numbering in all about fifty men. They had come out over the Dalton trail from Five Finger Rapids, on the Lewis River. One party had been fifty-five days on trail and river from Dawson City, having lost their boat and the greater part of their provisions when about half-way up the Lewis River from Pelly. None of these adventurers brings much gold; but they tell startling and pitiful stories of famine and the starvation exodus from the Klondike region.

Already in the early part of October the situation along the upper Yukon, and especially at Dawson City, had become critical. There are over two thousand persons in Dawson for the winter, with the food supply already short, and every avenue of relief closed. Winter has set in, the river is frozen, and no more food in any considerable quantity can be got into the Klondike, either from St. Michael's or by the overland passes, until the middle of next June. The Canadian officials and the Commercial trading people, foreseeing the danger of famine, gave general warning, and the following notice was posted:

"The undersigned officials of the Canadian government, having carefully looked over the present distressing situation in regard to the supply of food for the winter, find that the stock is not sufficient to meet the wants of the people now in the district, and can see only one way out of the difficulty, and that is an immediate movement down the river of all those who are now unsupplied to Fort Yukon, where there is a large stock of provisions. Within a few days the river will be closed, and the movement must be made at once. It is absolutely hazardous to build hopes upon the arrival of other boats. It is almost beyond a possibility that any more food will come into this district. For those who have not laid in a winter's supply to remain here any longer is to court death from starvation, or, at least, a certainty of sickness from scurvy or other troubles. Starvation now stares every man in the face who is hoping and waiting for outside relief. Little effort and trifling cost will place them all in comfort and safety within a few days at Fort Yukon, or at other points below, where there are now lying stocks of food."

Then the "starvation exodus" began, and several hundred persons, most of them fairly supplied with money, but having no provisions, started down the river for Circle City and Fort Yukon. But boats were scarce, and dogs scarce, so that the majority of those who would have been glad to go out remain perforce in Dawson. In midwinter, when the solid ice has formed, the hardy and adventurous may travel in Arctic fashion, with dogs; but whoever possesses means and provisions enough for this need not wish to get out. On the same principle, expeditions that brave the wintry passes and get in by the same means cannot bring any substantial relief, because they will need all they can carry for their own consumption.

An epidemic of sickness menaces Dawson City this winter, on account of the insufficient food supply and total lack of sanitation. The epidemic of lawlessness, violence, and crime has already broken out. The struggle for life in the Klondike this winter takes the form of a fierce fight for food. That, and not gold, is the all-precious commodity. As usual in such places, there is a comparative abundance of whiskey, and everybody goes armed to the teeth. Stealing food is the capital crime. To be caught in the act of robbing a *cache*, or store of "grub," is practically sure death—from the owner's rifle, not from the police, who do not arrest criminals, because they cannot feed them. All that can be done, even with murderers, is to compel them to "clear out" down the river.

Even as early as September two transport steamers carrying supplies for the North American and the Alaska Commercial companies, respectively, were "held up" by half-famished miners at points on the Yukon, and compelled to unload the greater portion of their cargoes. These supplies the miners were able and willing to pay for at the companies' own prices. What they insisted upon at the point of the rifle and the shotgun was, that the steamers should stand and deliver—for a just consideration in dust and nuggets—a sufficient amount of provisions to supply the miners' pressing needs before going on to the auriferous markets of Circle City and Dawson.

And yet, even now, in November, men are arriving here in Juneau from the States who think they can push right on to the Klondike—some six hundred and fifty or seven hundred miles from salt water, by the nearest route! These men, as a rule, come to their senses when they reach Skagway or Dyea. Some of them get to Sheep Camp, or perhaps cross the Chilkoot Pass and proceed as far as Lake Bennett, and then settle down in camp for the winter.

Although, of course, travel from Dawson is over for the season, the Skagway is the best and the busiest of all the winter trails. A great deal of packing still goes on over the Skagway and Dyea, in order to have goods at the lakes, to be hurried on to the Klondike at the earliest opening in the spring. A system of elevated tramways is being constructed over the Chilkoot, by means of which packs and all heavy baggage will be swung over in huge iron buckets and landed at Crater Lake, on the farther side of the summit.

The several views sent with this letter are photographs taken within the last few weeks, and represent in its latest phases the life on the overland trails to Dawson City. Skagway is practically a camp of some fifteen hundred people, including a few enterprising women. It has no United States post-office, but private enterprise has established a mail service, by which letters are received and delivered for a fee of five cents each.

As to the scenery along the route, it is of romantic, though austere, beauty. The photographer has made it his business to secure several choice bits—notably the glimpse of Black Lake, seven miles inland on the Skagway trail, and nestling amidst frowning mountains. Another view shows the Devil's Slide, a most dangerous point on the trail, where the packer has just crossed the summit and is turned back into a cañon which leads to the head waters of the Skagway River. The stream is here but a brook, flowing down one side of the water-shed which separates the coast streams from the great valley of the Yukon.

E. B. B.

The Foot-ball Season and the All-America Eleven of 1897.

It is stated authoritatively that the foot-ball games played in Philadelphia between the University of Pennsylvania team and those of Harvard, Cornell, the Indians, and Lafayette attracted the amazing grand total of eighty thousand whooping, enthusiastic lovers of the great pigskin chase. Prices at these meetings ranged all the way from fifty cents to five dollars. Harvard and Yale divided thirty thousand dollars as their share of the receipts of the Cambridge game, while nearly the same amount was realized from the Princeton-Yale struggle.

Even the Yale-Indian game, early in the season at New York, netted each team over three thousand dollars, and with nearly every school and college playing the game the country over, it is not too much to say that foot-ball has attracted greater crowds and realized greater gains in the past eight weeks than any other three sports played in as many months of the year about to close. In the history of the game the season of 1897 is the most successful, the best yet, and the clean playing and the unimportant and few injuries which characterized the games of the larger college teams in their championship struggles has done the sport a world of good.

This is the time, however, when the heat of these grand personal encounters of brawn, of brain, and agility has somewhat abated, and one in cool reflection turns backward and goes over this soul-stirring run of the diminutive De Saulles, that superhuman effort of the giant Cadwallader, that superb, electrifying drop-kick for goal by the famous Pueblo Indian, Hudson, and finds it interesting speculation indeed to line up the different stars, review their play, then pick an eleven best calculated to represent all America in an irresistible attack, a stonewall defense, and a reliable scoring and well-balanced kicking game.

Beginning on the flanks of the forward line, whom have we to fill the bill of speed in getting down the field; of dead-sure tackling; of versatility and that intuitive sense which renders it possible for one always to be in the right place at the right time? Surely Boyle, of Pennsylvania, will not be found wanting, and besides, this sandy-haired cyclone on springs has a way which counts of encouraging his comrades to be always a little better than they know how or have the natural inclination. Boyle, then, we will place at left end, and as a running mate, Cochran, of Princeton, seems to be good enough for the fast company in which he must necessarily travel. In defense both are fiends, always going low and sure. In attack both can run with the ball. Each is a successful diagnostician of the most mystifying of new formation plays.

With such good men for tackles as Rodgers and Chamberlin, of Yale; Outland, of Pennsylvania; Swain, of Harvard; Hillebrand, of Princeton; and Scales, of West Point, from which to make a selection, there is little difficulty in rendering this keystone position strong enough for any contingency by picking any two at random. Perhaps the best ground-gaining pair would be Outland and Chamberlin, both being very fast runners, quick to start, and firm on their feet. As a ground-gainer from the regulation tackle run in open formation, Rodgers, of Yale, is unexcelled, but the greater quickness of Outland and Chamberlin would make them more valuable in runs from other formations, as on the kick-off and in getting down and about the field. This Pennsylvania-Yale pair, too, are fine defense men, and are untiring in their efforts, playing always from first to last with steam up to safety-valve limit. Chamberlin, besides, is able to kick well, while Outland has an unusual facility for executing trick plays successfully and with the deception of a magician.

At the guard points and centre it is not difficult to cast quickly over the field and select outright the Yale centre trio which outplayed that of Harvard, as also the sturdy giants of Princeton. As a trio, and with Pennsylvania as opponents, they would still excel, though Hare as a ground-gainer is superior to either Brown or Chadwick. Then, too, in placing this trio intact in our all-America team we take advantage of the close fellowship which they have enjoyed for so long, which implies team play and a perfect sympathy of thought and action. Cadwallader in the centre is the undisputed man for the place, and in answering any argument as to the superior ground-gaining abilities of other guards, as Bouvé, of Harvard, or Hare, of Pennsylvania, as opposed to Brown and Chadwick, we might easily claim that union of action in defense, greater strength and weight, and a keener knowledge of the position in all its phases counted for the most.

Thus for the line we have: Boyle and Cochran, ends; Outland and Chamberlin, tackles; Chadwick and Brown, guards; and Cadwallader, center. And what a line!

At quarter-back, De Saulles, of Yale, deserves the honor, not only by virtue of his ability to run scientifically and most effectively, but to direct the attack with the genius of a Napoleon; and, when the opposing team is on the rampage, to be in a dozen different places at the same time, and never in the wrong one at any one time. This youth needs only another year to polish off generally and acquire, as he certainly could during the early practice of the all-America team, the art of dropping goals from the field, to make him the superior of any quarter of the past. To-day, in genius and dash, he stands with the great Beecher of other days.

Turning our attention now to the back-field, it looks at first as though we might strike a snag in filling the position of full-back. When we consider, however, the fine, all-round qualities of Minds, of Pennsylvania, we must gain instant satisfaction and safety in intrusting to him this important place. As a ground-gainer, he is as the steam-engine, which knows not exhaustion, and ever does clean-cut and reliable work. His self-possession upon the field of play is pronounced, and besides punting well he can drop kick. In defense, his tackling is sure, and he is seldom fooled by the clever artifice of an opponent.

It is not so easy, however, to select two hard-running half-backs who combine successful dashes and plunges with a dead-sure defense. Still, one would not go far astray in giving one place to Kelly, of Princeton; the other to Dudley, of Yale—that is, if he were in search simply of two fine runners and tacklers. Neither of these players, however, can kick. But the advantage of possessing at least two backs who can kick well is so necessary that it seems advisable to substitute Wheeler, of Princeton,

for Dudley, of Yale. This combination, however, would leave no very fast man for end play; hence, and in consideration of the running abilities of the tackles for line attacks, Kelly might be replaced by either Dibblee, of Harvard, or Fultz, of Brown University. All in all, Fultz, because of greater experience, should receive the preference. Speaking more particularly now of these latter and final selections, Fultz and Wheeler, this much is to be said: The former is a very fast man, uses his head to perfection, is hard to stop, and can back up his tackle in defense.

Fultz has never yet shown all of which he is capable, because no Brown team has ever given him the support enjoyed by a half on a larger college team. Yet as a Brown player, Fultz has made runs the equal of the best on record. As for Wheeler at half—he is a punter and drop-kicker, a heavy weight with the heels of a light weight, a consistent ground-gainer, and a safe man on the defense.

To sum up, an eleven composed of the players as above-mentioned would, first of all, be very fast and very strong in attack, combining as it would such factors as drop-kicking and punting for emergencies, and for general play the running of every man outside of the centre trio. In defense, the team would show a very aggressive spirit, intelligence in the extreme, versatility, great strength, and plenty of weight.

On one week's notice this team would draw to Manhattan Field thirty thousand people at two dollars a head, bent on seeing a struggle to the finish with the following eleven, against whom even the riskiest of bettors would hardly dare lay odds:

Ends—Cabot, Harvard; Hall, Yale. Tackles—Rodgers, Yale; Swain, Harvard. Guards—Hare, Pennsylvania; Bouvé, Harvard. Centre—Doucette, Harvard. Quarter—Baird, Princeton. Halves—Kelly, Princeton; Dibblee, Harvard. Full-back—McBride, Yale. W. T. BULL.

A Thrilling Tale of Arctic Cold and Hunger.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY, two weeks ago, published an illustrated account of the rescue expedition sent out by the United States government for the relief of the whalers imprisoned in the Arctic ice-pack at Point Barrow, and which has just sailed from San Francisco on the revenue-cutter *Bear*.

On a cot in the Marine Hospital at San Francisco there lies a boy of nineteen named Albert Walter, with a frozen foot, which will probably have to be amputated. He is one of the survivors of the whaler *Nararch*, which was caught in the ice last August off Cape Barrow, and abandoned. The *Nararch* was one of a fleet of eight vessels, carrying two hundred and fifty men, all of which were nipped in the ice a few miles from the old relief station near Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska.

The boy has suffered so much that his head is not clear, and his statements are sometimes rambling. In reply to questions he said:

"The ship was caught in August, what day I cannot now remember, a few miles east of Point Barrow. Expecting that at any moment she might be crushed in the ice we abandoned her, and, with a scanty supply of provisions, we betook ourselves to an ice-floe, which soon drifted away. I think we were fourteen days on the floe, sleeping on the ice under the shelter of hammocks, huddled together in our blankets. I am not sure of the number of days, though I tried to keep count. Several of the men broke down. I saw them drop down and go to sleep; I never saw them get up again.

"After a time the floe drifted out into the open sea, and then we saw one or two vessels, but none of them saw us. We were too weak to shout loud enough to be heard, and after spending the day in trying to attract attention we would drift out into the dark, hopeless and despairing. I was dozing with my head under cover when somebody shook me. A sailor lifted me to my feet, and there, not two yards away, lay the *Thrasher*; her boat was soon alongside the floe, and I was lifted into it. Everything was a blank after that, and I don't remember anything till I found myself in a berth on board the *Alice Knowles*.

"From the *Knowles* I was transferred to the steam whaler *Alexander*. I was suffering horrible pains from my right foot, which had been frozen; my right leg was swollen to twice its natural size. One day Captain Tilton, of the *Alexander*, looked at my foot, and, whipping out his knife, cut the frozen parts off."

To the eastward of Point Barrow, scattered along the edge of the ground ice as far as Herschel Island, the whalers *Ocea*, *Jesse H. Freeman*, *Rosario*, *Fearless*, *Wanderer*, *Jennie*, and *Newport* are fast in the ice-pack. They cannot possibly get out this year. They will probably hold together till the spring; then, as the ice breaks up and the flocs begin to move in the ocean currents and the spring gales begin to blow, they will probably go to pieces.

In anticipation of some such catastrophe, the United States, in September, 1881, established a relief station at Point Barrow, and its usefulness was demonstrated in the following year when the whaler *North Star* was lost off the point, and her crew would have starved but for the supplies furnished them by Lieutenant Ray, in charge of the station. Notwithstanding this proof of its necessity, the station was abandoned shortly afterwards, and the provisions which had been stored there were removed. The blunder might have, and possibly may yet, should the *Bear* expedition meet with unexpected obstacles, cost the lives of over two hundred men this winter. There is a small trading-station on the point, but it is so insufficiently supplied that the keeper was compelled to beg a small stock of food from Captain Coogan, of the *Thrasher*, to carry him through the winter. Neither game nor fish are to be found on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, and the miserable Esquimaux who haunt the vicinity of Herschel Island and the point depend upon the whalers for their food supply, and often perish of hunger during the winter.

The boy Walters, who is now in hospital, was brought to San Francisco in the steam whaler *Alexander*, which took him from the *Knowles*. The *Alexander* sailed from Herschel Island on August 20th. Two days afterwards a heavy ice-pack closed round her, but she managed to work out through an opening in the pack only two hundred yards wide, and closing very fast. On September 6th she passed Point Barrow, and was again caught in a pack running northeast at the rate of three knots an hour, and at the widest portion of the channel

only a mile from the ground ice. In places it narrowed so that the *Alexander* was eighteen hours in gaining four ship's lengths. She ran at the ice-pack at full speed, smashing into it, and when she would back away for another run at the pack the ice-cakes she had loosened would be shoved out of the way with pike-poles to give her a fair run at the hard ice again. Before she reached clear water she ran for nearly one hundred and fifty miles through skim ice from an inch to two inches thick.

JOHN BONNER.

Horrors of the Skagway Trail.

THE horrors of the Skagway trail have only half been told. A number of men have recently returned from the White Pass (which will henceforward be known as the Black Pass) with stories fit to sicken the stoutest heart and subdue the hottest courage. One man, L. J. Rickard, of Seattle, a bright and intelligent young fellow, with plenty of pluck and perseverance, used his very best efforts to get over the trail, but has returned to a more friendly land for the winter, and will make another trial in the spring. He will then go by another route. He has had all of the Skagway trail that he wants. To begin with, the trail was never ready for travel, and the "promoters," who are responsible for all the waste of time and money, should be prosecuted. Rickard arrived at Skagway on the *Islander*, which deposited its passengers on August 1st, and so was among the earliest comers. He had an ordinary miner's outfit, weighing twelve hundred pounds, two horses, and two hundred dollars. He considered himself fairly well-equipped. He helped the others corduroy the trail and bridge the rivers. By the time this necessary work had been done, crowds of wayfarers had arrived, and soon the trail was worse than ever.

In eight weeks of the hardest work he had ever done, Rickard managed to get his goods to the summit of the last hill. Then his money was gone, his horses exhausted, and he had the choice of wintering in the timber by the lakes, while his food supply diminished, or of returning to California and earning more money to again attempt the trip northward. He figured that, if he camped the winter, as so many are counting upon doing, he would have an early start in the spring, but would by that time have only two months' provisions left, at the outside, and he was already penniless. Rickard spent his money for food and shoes for his horses. He says the difficulty of feeding horses on the Skagway trail is enormous. It was necessary to go all the way back to Skagway for hay, and by the time it was brought back to the hungry animals waiting for it the other animals met on the trail, by each taking a passing nip, had reduced the quantity by about fifty per cent. The horses are fond of birch leaves, but they soon contract mud fever, and, as they are insufficiently fed and not sheltered at all, they soon become worthless. Not so many are lost on the trail as is supposed. They really die from lack of care. Horses are a good deal better on the Skagway trail than burros, although the best thing of all would be an ox, which is very good for muddy traveling, and can carry a big load. The burros taken up are almost a failure. They are good over the rocks, but no good at all in the swamp, which forms about two-thirds of the entire distance.

Rickard reports the packers have lost money on account of the mortality among the horses. They would start out with twenty and return with seventeen. The most trying place, below the summit, has been fittingly named Dead Horse Gulch. One of the accompanying pictures shows the grim aspect of this dangerous place. Instead of one short, steep hill, as at the Chilkoot, there are five long hills, and Rickard thinks it is harder than the Chilkoot itself.

Hundreds of disappointed men at Skagway in September were making Herculean efforts to reach the timber that lies beyond the summit with their goods, there to spend the winter and get a very early start down the river in the spring. They must make haste, for snow had already fallen on the summit, and they must make their camp and build their log huts before snow flies; otherwise they cannot procure the moss with which to wedge the chinks of their houses.

It takes a strong back and a weak mind to become a successful packer, Rickard says. He also says that, though quiet and orderly, the Skagway country is the meanest in the world. It rains there all the time, except when it stops long enough to snow.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 20th.

MABEL C. CRAFT.

A Close Relationship.

THE relationship which the baking powders bear towards our health is coming to be appreciated.

There is no doubt that the indigestion and dyspepsia of which many Americans complain are caused by the indiscriminate use of the alum baking powders. These baking powders, from their lower price, from the persistency with which they are advertised as pure cream-of-tartar powders, have come to be sold from almost every grocery.

That alum baking powders are unwholesome is a fact as well established as that arsenic is a poison. There must accordingly be the greatest care exercised by the housewife to keep them from her food. A chemical analysis only will expose their true character. Even the price at which they are sold is no longer a mark to identify them.

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An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for asthma, in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing. *



"TAXIDERMIST."
Painting by Edgar M. Ward.



"UNDECIDED."
Painting by Louis Moeller.



"EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS."
Painting by Gilbert Gaul.

Interesting Paintings in the National Academy of Design, New York City.

THE sixteenth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, which opened in New York November 15th, presents three hundred and seventy-one paintings and sixty-one pieces of sculpture. We reproduce a few of the best pictures. "The Taxidermist," by Edgar M. Ward, which worthily holds the place of honor in the south gallery, is a very excellent character-study. There is no struggle after color effect, but only a keen illustrative touch that forgets no detail.

In the east gallery the one picture really deserving attention is Gilbert Gaul's "Exchange of Prisoners." It represents one of those incidents of Indian warfare that make excellent stage scenes for a dramatist. It is a truce, showing the white flag and several Indians, who would be delighted to be exchanged, standing in the foreground. The stern countenances of the blue-uniformed soldiers are well contrasted with the tawny faces of the anxious bucks. In the west gallery hangs the best of Mr. Roseland's three exhibits, "An Interesting Game." An old negro "mammy" and "uncle" are deeply interested in a game of checkers. The expression of the players reveals their profound interest in the outcome.

"Undecided," a moderately large canvas by Louis Moeller, has position on the east wall of the north gallery. Five old card-players make up the game. Only one is undecided as to whether he will "call" his associates or "pass." The faces are excellent studies and the grouping is dramatic.



"AN INTERESTING GAME."
Painting by Henry Roseland.

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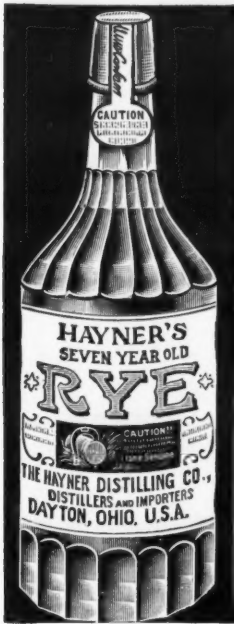
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FULL QUARTS
Express Paid.**

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LEGAL NOTICE.
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Proposals for furnishing materials and performing work in the erection of Hall of Records Building in New York City, pursuant to Chapter 59, Laws of 1897, as amended by Chapter 793, Laws of 1897, will be received at the office of the Mayor in the City Hall, in the City of New York, until Tuesday, December 14th, 1897, at 12 o'clock M. For further particulars see "City Record."

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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY TOUR TO WASHINGTON.

An opportune, delightful, and instructive tour, in which all teachers of New York, Brooklyn and vicinity, and their friends, should participate, has been arranged by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to Washington, to leave New York on Tuesday, December 28th, under the personal escort of a tourist agent and chaperon. Two days will be spent in Washington visiting the many points of interest, including the new Congressional Library, one of the most sublime edifices in the world. An opportunity will also be afforded for a trip to Mt. Vernon. A stop of two hours will also be made at Philadelphia on the going trip, affording an opportunity to visit the United States Mint, Independence Hall, Wanamaker's, and other points of interest. Round-trip rate, including transportation, hotel accommodations, and all necessary expenses, \$14.50 or \$12.50, according to hotel selected in Washington.

For detailed itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; address Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York.

LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 30th day of November, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets in the TWENTY-THIRD WARD—CHEEVER PLACE, from Mott Avenue to Gerard Avenue. EAST 158TH STREET, from Morris Avenue to Railroad Avenue. TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—HOLLY STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to the northern boundary of the city of New York. HYATT STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to the northern boundary of the city of New York. EAST 167TH STREET, from the New York and Harlem Railroad to Marion Avenue. **ASHBEL P. FITCH**, Comptroller. City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, November 30th, 1897.

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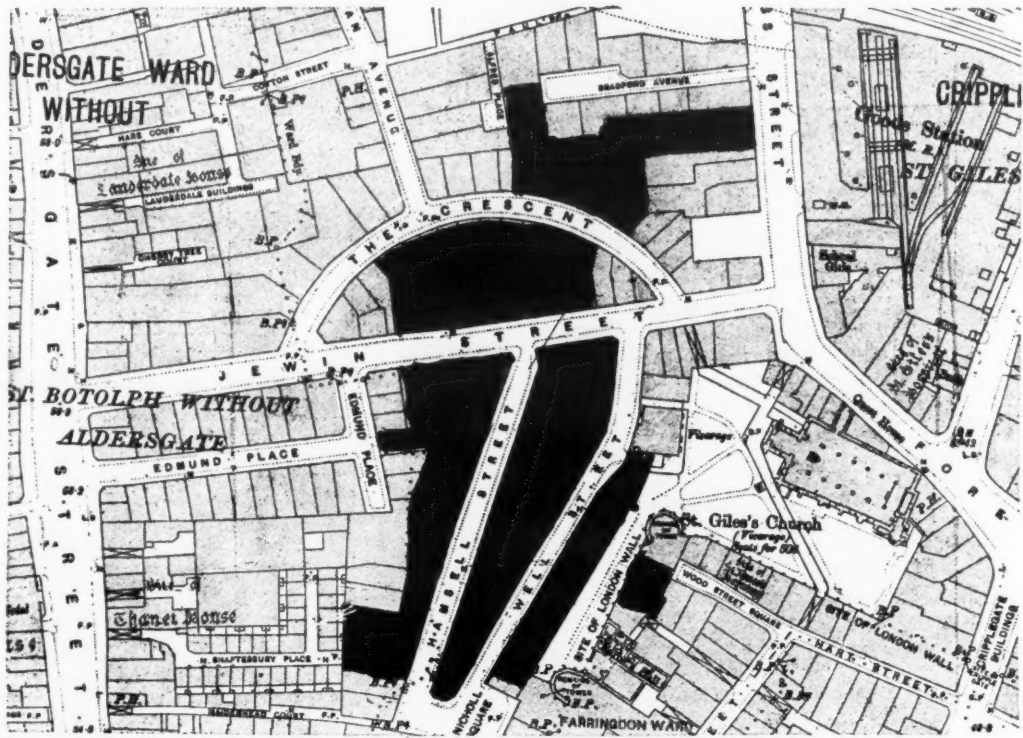
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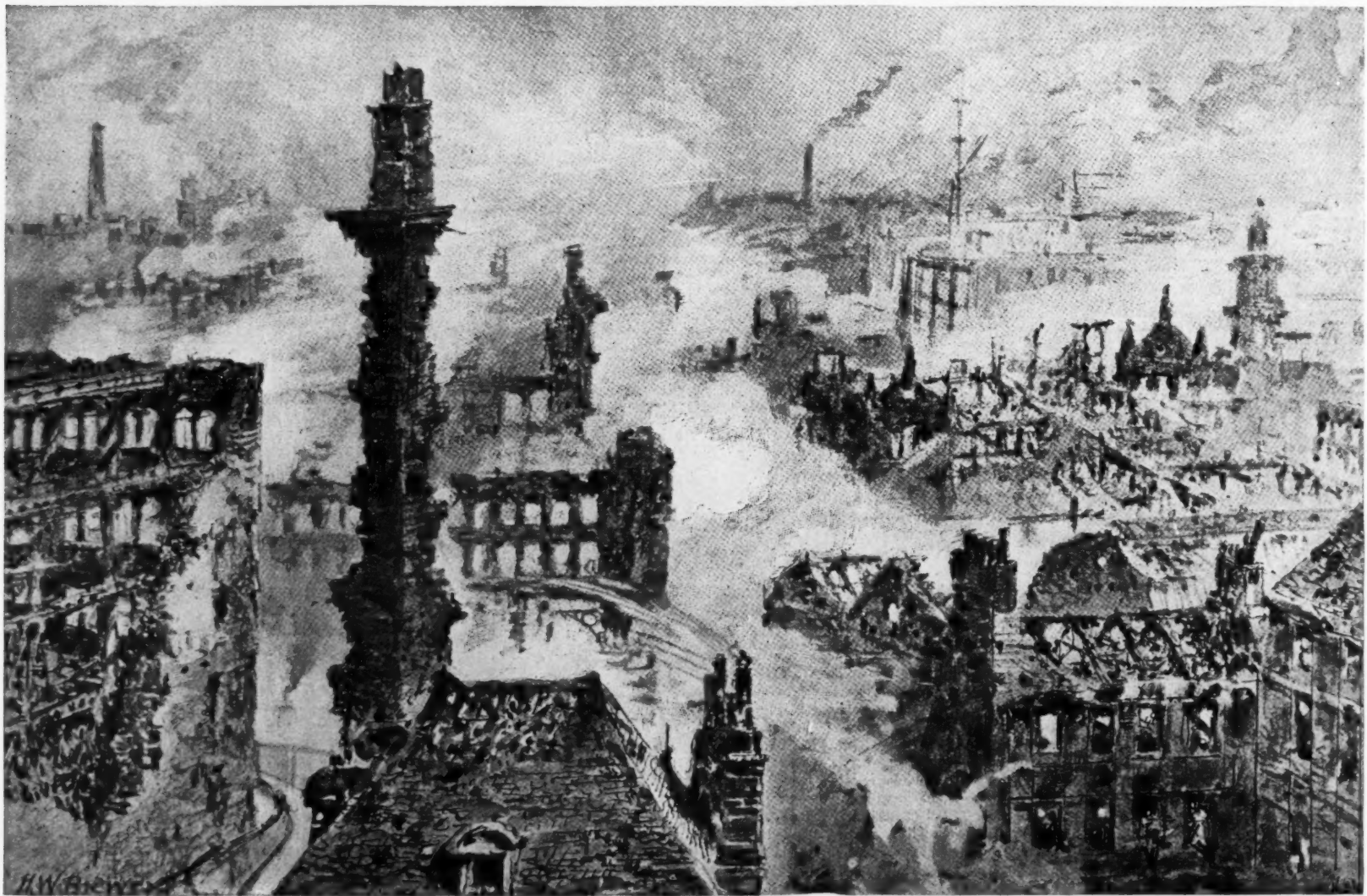
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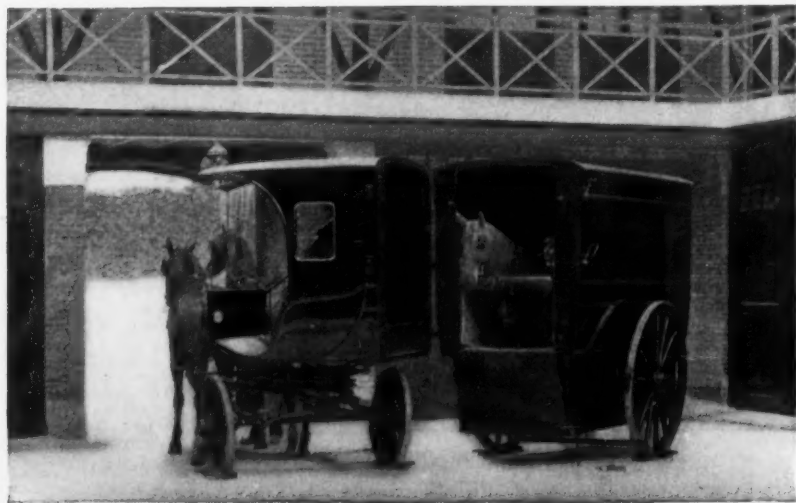
Ruins around the historic Church of St. Giles



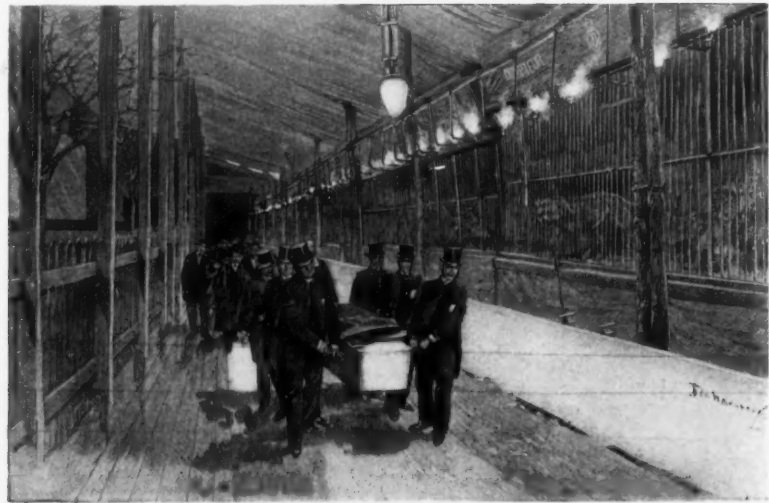
Map showing the devastated district and its surroundings.



Bird's-eye view of the ruins, sketched from the church-tower of St. Giles, Cripplegate.
THE RECENT CONFLAGRATION IN THE HEART OF LONDON (NOVEMBER 20TH).—Graphic.



NEW GERMAN TRANSPORT-WAGON FOR HORSES.—Sport im Bild.

FUNERAL OF THE ANIMAL-TRAINER, PEZON, AT HIS MENAGERIE IN PARIS.
L'illustration.



THE DEGRADATION OF CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS (JANUARY, 1895) FOR COMMUNICATING FRENCH OFFICIAL PAPERS TO A FOREIGN POWER.—L'Illustration.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS.—London Graphic.

The Latest Sensation in Paris—The Dreyfus Case.

THE sensation of Paris, we might say of France, is the Dreyfus case. About three years ago Captain Dreyfus was convicted of high treason for the sale of official documents obtained, as alleged, from the Ministry of War. It was understood that the documents were sold to the German government. The testimony against him was mainly based upon an unsigned docu-

ment which experts declared that Captain Dreyfus had written.

Recently it has been alleged that this document was not in the handwriting of Captain Dreyfus, but in that of Commandant Esterhazy. This sensational disclosure at once reopened the widespread interest in the case. Esterhazy admits that the handwriting of the document resembles his, but denies that he has the slightest knowledge of who prepared it.

It is said that the testimony against Captain Dreyfus was based on other documents which have not seen the light, because the military tribunal that passed upon his guilt thinks it incom-

patible with public interest to disclose the nature of these documents. There is an intimation that they were seized, or discovered, in such a way that the government might be compromised if the facts were made known. It is alleged that the prosecution and conviction of Dreyfus were in part due to the fact of his Jewish extraction, and to the anti-Semitic feeling of his opponents.

Intense interest follows the discussion of the case, and if Captain Dreyfus should prove to be innocent, serious complications involving public men now in office may result.



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Tuesday, the 14th day of December, 1897,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,
for the whole or a part of the following-described REGISTERED BONDS AND STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

bearing interest at three and one-half per cent. per annum, to wit:

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- 919,830.48** CONSOLIDATED STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, STREET AND PARK OPENING FUND STOCK. Principal payable November 1, 1918. Interest payable May 1 and November 1.

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CONDITIONS

provided by Section 146 of the New York City Consolidation Act of 1882, as amended by Chapter 103 of the Laws of 1897:

No proposal for bonds or stock will be accepted for less than the par value of the same.

Each bidder must deposit with the Comptroller in money, or by a certified check drawn to the order of the said Comptroller upon a State or National bank of the City of New York, Two Per cent. of the amount of the proposal, including premium. No proposal will be received or considered which is not accompanied by such deposit. All such deposits will be returned by the Comptroller to the persons making the same with in three days after decision as to the highest bidder or bidders has been made, except the deposit or deposits made by such highest bidder or bidders. If said highest bidder or bidders shall refuse or neglect, within five days after the service of written notice of award to him or them, to pay to the Chamberlain of the City of New York the amount of the stock or bonds awarded to him or them at their par value, together with the premium thereon, if any, less the amount deposited by him or them, the amount of such deposit or deposits shall be forfeited to and be retained by the City of New York as liquidated damages for such refusal or neglect.

The Comptroller, with the approval of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, shall determine what, if any, part of said proposals shall be accepted, and upon the payment into the City Treasury of the amounts due by the persons whose bids are accepted, respectively, certificates thereof shall be issued to them as authorized by law.

The proposals, together with the security deposits, should be inclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed "Proposals for Bonds of the Corporation of the City of New York," and then inclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York.

For full information see "The City Record."

ASHBEL P. FITCH,

Comptroller.

City of New York—Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, December 6th, 1897.



UNCLE BRACKER'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE
SPOOK OF TURKEY—"Look here, my friend, when you won me at Deacon Umpley's raffle last night you palmed a scraped set of dice on him, and the deacon's found it out."



The first and only Ale free from dregs and sediment.

'Turn the bottle upside down,
Or lay it on its side;
Shake it up
Or shake it down,
It stays
The same inside.

Brilliant and Clear to the last drop

Clubs, Hotels, Cafes, and Restaurants.

NEW YORK STATE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

Office of the Superintendent of Public Works.

Albany, N. Y., Monday, November 29th, 1897.

Pursuant to chapter 79, laws of 1895, chapter 794, laws of 1896, and chapters 43 and 569, laws of 1897, sealed proposals for work on the

MIDDLE DIVISION

will be received by the Superintendent of Public Works, at his office in Albany, N. Y., until

Friday, December 10th, 1897,

at 12 o'clock noon of that day, for the following pieces of work. The work will be bid for and let separately, and every proposal for each piece of work hereinafter designated must be accompanied by a draft on some good banking institution of the city of New York or Albany, issued by a national or state bank in good credit within the state, payable at sight to the Superintendent of Public Works. The amount of deposit will be 5 per cent. of the proposal, and will be retained as a part of the security until the completion of the work; the amount of labor bond required on execution of contract will be 40 per cent. of the proposal, and the amount of bond for the faithful performance of contract on execution of contract will be 45 per cent. of the proposal:

CONTRACT No. 34—MIDDLE DIVISION.

Governing the improvement of the Oswego Canal from a point 100 feet below the Lower Hollow Quoin of Guard Lock No. 1 to the end of the Lower Wings of Lock No. 7, a distance of 5.73 miles.

CONTRACT No. 46—MIDDLE DIVISION.

Governing the improvement of the Oswego Canal, extending from Station No. 1026, near Lock No. 16, to Station No. 1078, near Guard Lock No. 5, a distance of one mile.

Plans, specifications, notices and form of contract may be seen from the date of publication of this notice to the date fixed for the receipt of proposals, at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works, in Albany, N. Y., and at the office of Thomas Wheeler, Assistant Superintendent of Public Works, in Syracuse, N. Y., and at the office of R. G. Lay, Assistant Superintendent of Public Works, in Rochester, N. Y. All proposals for the above work must be addressed to the Superintendent of Public Works, at Albany, N. Y., and must be endorsed on envelope, "Proposal for Contract No. —, MIDDLE DIVISION," as the case may be. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

GEORGE W. ALDRIDGE,
Superintendent of Public Works.

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It will reproduce music of all kinds, bands and orchestral selections, vocal and instrumental solos.

You can talk to it and sing to it, and it will reproduce your speech or song at any time. One can hear from it the music of any instrument and any one can operate it.

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The Eagle Graphophone reproduces records as loudly and brilliantly as the higher-priced models. It is a complete talking-machine and may be used for recording and reproducing your own speech or song as well as the records made for entertainment purposes.

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CHRISTMAS 1897



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with hot water and a little
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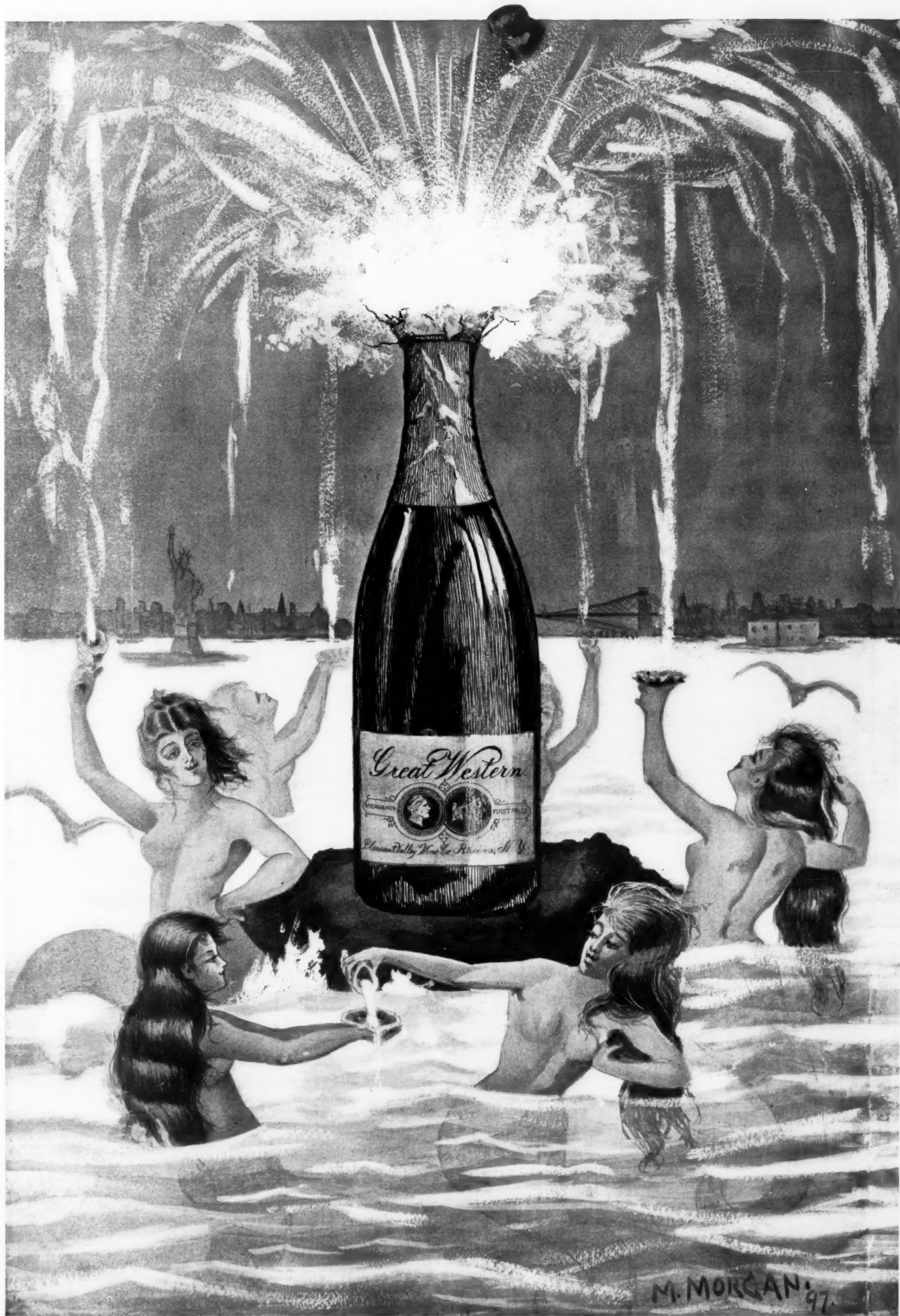
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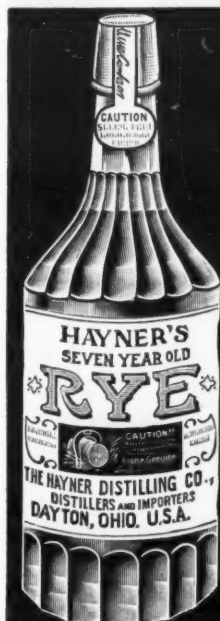
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